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THE JOURNAL
OF A
VOYAGE TO LISBON

[*Much legend has gathered round Hogarth's sketch of Fielding, here copied from Basire's engraving in Andrew Millar's edition of Fielding's "Works,"* 1762. *Arthur Murphy, the editor, says that Hogarth worked from a profile cut in paper by a lady who is understood to have been the Miss Margaret Collier who accompanied Fielding to Lisbon* (*see note to p.* 72, *l.* 10). *Another account* (*which M. de Ségur borrowed for the basis of his comedy, "Le Portrait de Fielding,"* 1800) *says that Garrick "made up" like his dead friend, and that Hogarth drew him. Both these stories are flatly contradicted by Hogarth's commentators. George Steevens* ("*Biographical Anecdotes of Hogarth,"* 1781, *p.* 131) *affirms that Garrick only urged Hogarth to make the attempt; John Ireland* ("*Hogarth Illustrated,"* *iii.* 291) *that it was simply a sketch from memory. Both Ireland and Steevens had exceptional opportunities for knowing the truth. Besides Hogarth's pen-and-ink, there are three other likenesses of Fielding which claim to be authentic, i.e., a miniature in Nichols's "Literary Anecdotes;" a portrait in the Mineral Water Hospital at Bath, said to have belonged to Ralph Allen; and another exhibited in the Guelph Exhibition of* 1891 (*No.* 221). *But against all these must be set the cause which is stated to have prompted Hogarth's sketch, namely, "that no picture of Fielding was ever drawn"* (*Murphy's Essay, "Works,"* 1762, *i.* 47); *and it may be added that the miniature is manifestly based on Hogarth.*]

Wm Hogarth del. James Basire. Sculp.

THE · JOURNAL · OF · A VOYAGE · TO · LISBON · BY HENRY · FIELDING · WITH · INTRODUCTION · AND · NOTES BY · AUSTIN · DOBSON

LONDON · PRINTED · AND · ISSUED · BY
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EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION.

"WE can with Pleasure inform the Public, that they will soon be greatly entertained by a posthumous Piece of the late Henry Fielding, Esq; entitled, A Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon; to which, we hear, will be added, a Fragment of his Answer to Lord Bolingbroke." This modest "puff preliminary" appeared in the "Public Advertiser" for Thursday, 6th February, 1755, and shortly afterwards was succeeded by the usual publishers' notifications, the first of which ran as follows:—

"*On Tuesday the* 25*th inst. will be published*, In One Volume Duodecimo, Price 3s. bound, (*Printed for the Benefit of his Wife and Children*) THE JOURNAL of a Voyage to *Lisbon*. By the

M351016

late HENRY FIELDING, Esq; To which is added, A Fragment of his Answer to Lord Bolingbroke. Sold by A. Millar in the Strand."

This was issued on the 13th February, and in these terms the book continued to be announced at intervals until Tuesday the 25th, when the wording was duly altered to "This Day is published." The publisher was the same Andrew Millar, Tonson's successor "at *Shakespear's-Head* over-against *Katherine Street* in the *Strand*," who had published "Joseph Andrews," "Tom Jones," and "Amelia." As recently as January and February, 1753, he had put forth Fielding's "Proposal for Making an Effectual Provision for the Poor," and his "Clear State of the Case of Elizabeth Canning" (who by 1755 was satisfactorily transferred to His Majesty's Plantations); and he was ultimately to publish Fielding's complete works. The "Journal" was reviewed in the "London Magazine" for February; in the "Gentleman's Maga-

zine" for March; and, briefly, in the "Monthly Review" for the same month. But whether it brought any material emolument to "those innocents" its author had left behind, History, which conceals so much, has not recorded.

For the book itself, it purported to be in the exact state in which Fielding had left it. "It was thought proper, by the friends of the deceased," says the "Dedication to the Public," "that this little piece should come into your hands as it came from the hands of the author." Yet notwithstanding this explicit declaration, a careful comparison of what is generally described as the first issue with the version which in 1762 was included in Fielding's "Works," and remains to-day the accepted text of the book, shows that the first issue, if not "patch'd by a different hand," was certainly considerably "manipulated" by the suppression or excision of a number of passages. These, with the exception of a few lines which reflect obliquely upon Fielding

himself,[1] relate in the main to the captain of the ship, and to the captain's nephew, a military coxcomb of the type of Ensign Northerton.[2] There is also a difference in the name of the landlady who, to use Horace Walpole's flippant phrase, "treated and teased" the sick man's dropsy in the Isle of Wight. An obvious inference from these last-mentioned omissions and variation would doubtless be that, in 1755, the parties concerned were still living; and that, in a volume for which the widest sale was desired, it was, to say the least, inexpedient to include matter which might give rise to contention or expostulation. Indeed, it may well be that Mrs. Fielding and her daughter returned from Portugal in the very ship that carried them out, a circumstance which would make the almost immediate publication of a book containing satirical comments upon the captain an ungracious and even un-

[1] See note to p. 24, l. 3.

[2] See notes to p. 145, l. 4, and p. 175, l. 10.

generous act, especially as he was probably known personally to the novelist's brother John, who had carried out the arrangements for the passage to Lisbon." [1]

This explanation of the existence of an earlier and a shorter version than that included among Fielding's complete works is so plausible that, in the absence of any more reasonable theory, it should require but little persuasion to procure its acceptance. Unluckily, it has been discovered, during the progress of the present reprint, that, besides the edition hitherto regarded as the first, there exists another, published by the same publisher, and having the same date, dedication, and title-page, but corresponding in all respects with the longer version. When was it issued from the press? Upon this question contemporary advertisements throw no light; and the only solution which suggests itself is hypothetical. The book, as reference to the "Public Adver-

[1] See p. 41, l. 14.

tiser" shows, was freely advertised in February and March, 1755. Then, for some eight months, there is no mention of it whatever, until, on the 4th December, the advertisements again begin to appear for a short time, in much the same terms as before, the reference to Fielding's family being the only thing omitted, and "Printed" by Andrew Millar being substituted for "Sold." As to the reason for this re-advertisement there need be no long speculation. On the 1st of November had taken place the famous earthquake at Lisbon. The contemporary magazines and newspapers were full of references to this "topical" subject, and Millar no doubt saw in it an admirable pretext for pushing the account of Fielding's voyage to a place that was occupying so much attention. The book had to be hastily reprinted; and as it had now probably become his own property, he reprinted it, not as it had been edited for the press, but as it had been originally left in manuscript by its author. It is, of course, com-

petent for casuistry to contend that the longer version was really the first; that it had been withdrawn upon objection; and that, until 1762, when it was again issued *in extenso*, the shorter version continued to be sold. A certain colourable support is given to this supposition by the fact that an unauthorized edition, published by James Hoey of Dublin, follows, not the longer, but the shorter version, which looks, at first sight, as if the shorter version were the later. But the Dublin reprint, seeing that it contains a supplementary account of Lisbon "as it stood before the 1st of *Nov.* 1755," was plainly prompted by the earthquake; and, though dated 1756, might really have been printed before the longer version had found its way over to Ireland. It might, in fact—But to proceed further is to enter a jungle of conjecture. Upon the whole, the presumption that the longer version succeeded the shorter is not only a natural but a logical one; and that it

did so rather prematurely must be attributed to the excitement of the earthquake.[1]

In both versions there is one thing that deserves notice. From the longer version we learn the captain's Christian name, since his nephew addresses him familiarly as "Dick"; but in neither is given his surname or the name of his vessel. These particulars were for the first time revealed by the publication, in Jesse's "Memoirs of Celebrated Etonians," 1875, of the following letter, now, as then, in the collection of Mr. Locker-Lampson. It

[1] Since this was first written, a close examination of contemporary reviews has supplied practical proof, if not of the whole of the above hypothesis, at least of the priority of the shorter version. The "Monthly Review" for March, 1755, says incidentally that the "Comment on Bolingbroke" occupies twenty-seven pages. To speak precisely, in the shorter version it occupies twenty-seven pages and a half (pp. 201-228); but in the longer version it occupies only twenty-two and a half (pp. 223-245). It is clear, therefore, that as the book was first published on the 25th February, 1755, the shorter version was the one reviewed, and consequently is the earlier.

is here printed from a collation made in 1883 with the MS., Mr. Jesse's version being slightly inaccurate, though by reading "that agreeable Lre" as "that agreeable 10*l.*," he perhaps succeeded in making it more in keeping with Fielding's traditional character :—

> "On board the Queen of Portugal, Richd Veal at anchor on the Mother Bank, off Ryde, to the care of the Post Master of Portsmouth—this is my Date and y^{r} Direction.
>
> "July 12 1754

"Dear Jack, After receiving that agreeable Lre from Messrs. Fielding and C^{o}., we weighed on monday morning and sailed from Deal to the Westward Four Days long but inconceivably pleasant passage brought us yesterday to an Anchor on the Mother Bank, on the Back of the Isle of Wight, where we had last Night in Safety the Pleasure of hearing the Winds roar over our Heads in as violent a Tempest as I have known, and where my only Consideration were the

Fears which must possess any Friend of ours, (if there is happily any such) who really makes our Wellbeing the Object of his Concern especially if such Friend should be totally inexperienced in Sea Affairs. I therefore beg that on the Day you receive this M^rs^. Daniel[1] may know that we are just risen from Breakfast in Health and Spirits this twelfth Instant at 9 in the morning. Our Voyage hath proved fruitful in Adventures all which being to be written in the Book you must postpone y^r^ Curiosity As the Incidents which fall under y^r^ Cognizance will possibly be consigned to Oblivion, do give them to us as they pass. Tell y^r^ Neighbour I am much obliged to him for recommending me to the care of a most able and experienced Seaman to whom other Captains seem to pay such Deference that they attend and watch his Motions, and think themselves only

[1] His mother-in-law, Mrs. Fielding's maiden name having been Mary Daniel (see note to p. 44, l. 9).

safe when they act under his Direction and Example.[1] Our Ship in Truth seems to give Laws on the Water with as much Authority and Superiority as you Dispense Laws to the Public and Example to y^r Brethren in Commission, Please to direct y^r Answer to me on Board as in the Date, if gone to be returned, and then send it by the Post and Pacquet to Lisbon to

"Y^r affec^t. Brother
"H. FIELDING

"To John Fielding Esq. at his House
in Bow Street Cov^t Garden London."

Fielding's letters are extremely rare, and there is a good deal of minor information in this one. It mentions his wife's mother (who had probably remained in charge of the little family at Fordhook); it shows that the "Journal" was already in contemplation, if not actually begun; it confirms the fact that John Fielding

[1] This was probably the source of the passage at p. 91, ll. 7-12, which occurs in the shorter version, but not in the longer.

(and not Saunders Welch, as Boswell says) was his brother's immediate successor at Bow Street; and, lastly, it incidentally supplies the names of the ship and of the captain thereof, to whose qualities as a seaman is paid a compliment which seems afterwards to have found its way into the first issue of the book. Of Richard Veal himself, no further particulars are forthcoming. But it is worth notice in passing that the name of the commander of the "Inspector" Privateer, of London, which was wrecked in the Bay of Tangier, on the Coast of Barbary, the 4th of January, 1746, was also Richard Veale, or Veal. He is not mentioned in the list of unfortunates who, until they were redeemed by the Crown in 1750, remained to languish as slaves among the Moors; and it may well be that he was not among the ninety-six who were drowned, but among the few who effected their escape.[1] If, therefore, the Richard

[1] See the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1748, 1749, and 1751, and the "Ladies Magazine"

Veal who in 1754 carried Fielding to Lisbon, and had been a privateer, be identical with the commander of the "Inspector," it is obvious that those "moving incidents" of his past career with which he occasionally regaled his bunk-ridden passenger must at times have been well worth hearing.[1]

From these exclusively bibliographical considerations, it is time to turn to the "Voyage to Lisbon" itself. That it is not its author's masterpiece may be conceded, and there are good reasons why it should not be. Great works have before now been written in prisons; and if ever place of confinement came under Johnson's definition of "a jail, with the chance of being drowned," it must assuredly have been the good ship "Queen of Portugal." But it may be questioned

for 1751, where is printed an "Address to the Publick" by William Latton, Plenipotentiary and Consul General from His Majesty to the Emperor of Morocco, by whom the redemption of these unhappy captives was at last effected.

[1] Cf. p. 193, l. 24 *et seq.*

if any masterpiece was ever produced, in any place, under Fielding's bodily conditions, and from so limited a stock of material. We know that the admirable introductory chapters of "The Antiquary" were written during an attack of toothache; that the "Legend of Montrose" (with its inimitable Rittmaster) was composed in acute pain. But in neither of these cases was the author doomed and dying. If one recalls for a moment the wasted figure of the man from whose ghastly aspect women and children fled at Fordhook; who had so completely lost the use of his limbs that he had to be hoisted like a dead weight over the ship's side at Rotherhithe, and carried helplessly in a chair across the treacherous mud flats at Ryde; who was enfeebled by disease, broken by want of sleep, and embarrassed by every kind of personal discomfort, it is marvellous that he should have had the heart to put pen to paper at all. Yet write he does, and writes moreover in such a fashion

that one almost forgets it is a dying person who is speaking. That he was aware of this himself he tells us at the outset: that he remembered it always is plain from a dozen quiet touches. He knew, he says, when he left Fordhook that he was quitting it for ever. Of a storm in the Channel he observes that it would have given no small alarm to a man "who had either not learnt what it is to die, or known what it is to be miserable." Yet so indomitable is his gallantry of spirit, so irrepressible his joy of life, so insatiable still his "curious eye" for humanity, that a fresh face or a new sensation makes the old fire flame up once more, and he writes as if he had not a care in the world. The reader has no doubt remarked the extraordinary sentence in the letter quoted above—"We are just risen from Breakfast in Health and Spirits;" and even in the discomforts of Ryde, he speaks of a dinner in a barn "as the best, the pleasantest, and the merriest meal, with more

appetite, more real, solid luxury, and more festivity, than was ever seen in an entertainment at White's." Nor, notwithstanding his unstimulating subject-matter, has his hand by any means lost its cunning. His portraits of Captain Veal (especially when completed by the passages at first suppressed), of Captain Veal's nephew, of Farmer Francis and his wife, of the "gentleman" at Gravesend who was "a riding surveyor"—are by no means unworthy of the hand which drew Parson Abraham Adams. And although much of this character-painting is in the old ironic manner, which is, in a sense, his natural speech, it is never malignant. He is laughing, not at the individual, but at the race in general; and he scarcely ever finishes his sketch without a word to show that he is willing to give his sitter the benefit of the smallest good quality he possesses. He is merciless to shams; but, like Fontenelle, he never utters the least thing against the most infinitesimal virtue. Of his own sufferings

he says little, and then never to emphasize or exaggerate them; but he is infinitely compassionate to the temporary ailment of his wife, for whose condition he seems far more concerned than he is for himself. In short, if the "Voyage to Lisbon" be not his best work, at least it gives a picture of fortitude, of cheerful patience, of manly endurance under trial, which may be fairly described as unexampled in our literature. Many men begin life as wildly and recklessly as Henry Fielding, but not to many is it given to end it as nobly as he did. He expended his last energies in works of philanthropy and benevolence; almost his last ink was shed in opposing the infidel tenets of Bolingbroke; and he went to a foreign grave with the courage of a hero and the dignity of a philosopher.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

EALING, W.,
March, 1892.

THE JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE to LISBON.

["We may read Fielding's character clearly in his books, for it was not complex, but especially in his 'Voyage to Lisbon,' where he reveals it in artless inadvertence."—LOWELL'S *Democracy and Other Addresses*, 1887, p. 87.]

THE JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE to LISBON,

By the late

HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

LONDON:
Printed for A. MILLAR, in the Strand.
MDCCLV.

DEDICATION TO THE PUBLIC.

YOUR candour is desired on the perusal of the following sheets, as they are the product of a genius that has long been your delight and entertainment. It must be acknowledged that a lamp almost burnt out does not give so steady and uniform a light, as when it blazes in its full vigour; but yet it is well known that, by its wavering, as if struggling against its own dissolution, it sometimes darts a ray as bright as ever. In like manner, a strong and lively genius will, in its last struggles, sometimes mount aloft, and throw forth the most striking marks of its original lustre.

Wherever these are to be found, do you, the genuine patrons of extraordinary capacities, be as liberal in your applauses of him who is now no more, as you were of him whilst he was yet amongst you.

And, on the other hand, if in this little work there should appear any traces of a weaken'd and decay'd life, let your own imaginations place before your eyes a true picture, in that of a hand trembling in almost its latest hour, of a body emaciated with pains, yet struggling for your entertainment; and let this affecting picture open each tender heart, and call forth a melting tear, to blot out whatever failings may be found in a work begun in pain, and finished almost at the same period with life.

It was thought proper, by the friends of the deceased, that this little piece should come into your hands as it came from the hands of the author; it being judged that you would be better pleased to have an opportunity of observing the faintest traces of a genius you have long admired, than have it patch'd by a different hand; by which means the marks of its true author might have been effac'd.

That the success of this last written, tho' first published volume, of the author's posthumous pieces, may be attended with some convenience to those innocents he hath left behind, will, no doubt, be

a motive to encourage its circulation through the kingdom, which will engage every future genius to exert itself for your pleasure.

The principles and spirit which breathe in every line of the small fragment begun in answer to Lord Bolingbroke will unquestionably be a sufficient apology for its publication, altho' vital strength was wanting to finish a work so happily begun and so well designed.

THE PREFACE.

THERE would not, perhaps, be a more pleasant, or profitable study, among those which have their principal end in amusement, than that of travels or voyages, if they were writ, as they might be, and ought to be, with a joint view to the entertainment and information of mankind. If the conversation of travellers be so eagerly sought after as it is, we may believe their books will be still more agreeable company, as they will, in general, be more instructive and more entertaining.

But when I say the conversation of travellers is usually so welcome, I must be understood to mean that only of such as have had good sense enough to apply their peregrinations to a proper use, so as to acquire from them a real and valuable knowledge of men and things; both which are best known by comparison. If the customs and manners of men were every where the same, there would be no

office so dull as that of a traveller: for the difference of hills, valleys, rivers; in short, the various views in which we may see the face of the earth, would scarce afford him a pleasure worthy of his labour; and surely it would give him very little opportunity of communicating any kind of entertainment or improvement to others.

To make a traveller an agreeable companion to a man of sense, it is necessary, not only that he should have seen much, but that he should have overlooked much of what he hath seen. Nature is not, any more than a great genius, always admirable in her productions, and therefore the traveller, who may be called her commentator, should not expect to find every where subjects worthy of his notice.

It is certain, indeed, that one may be guilty of omission as well as of the opposite extreme: but a fault on that side will be more easily pardoned, as it is better to be hungry than surfeited, and to miss your dessert at the table of a man whose gardens abound with the choicest fruits, than to have your taste affronted with every sort of trash that can be

pick'd up at the green-stall, or the wheel-barrow.

If we should carry on the analogy between the traveller and the commentator, it is impossible to keep one's eye a moment off from the laborious much read doctor Zachary Grey, of whose redundant notes on Hudibras I shall only say, that it is, I am confident, the single book extant in which above five hundred authors are quoted, not one of which could be found in the collection of the late doctor Mead.

As there are few things which a traveller is to record, there are fewer on which he is to offer his observations: this is the office of the reader, and it is so pleasant a one, that he seldom chuses to have it taken from him, under the pretence of lending him assistance. Some occasions, indeed, there are, when proper observations are pertinent, and others when they are necessary; but good sense alone must point them out. I shall lay down only one general rule, which I believe to be of universal truth between relator and hearer, as it is between author and reader; this is, that the latter never forgive any observation of the former

which doth not convey some knowledge that they are sensible they could not possibly have attained of themselves.

But all his pains in collecting knowledge, all his judgment in selecting, and all his art in communicating it, will not suffice, unless he can make himself, in some degree, an agreeable, as well as an instructive companion. The highest instruction we can derive from the tedious tale of a dull fellow scarce ever pays us for our attention. There is nothing, I think, half so valuable as knowledge, and yet there is nothing which men will give themselves so little trouble to attain; unless it be, perhaps, that lowest degree of it which is the object of curiosity, and which hath therefore that active passion constantly employed in its service. This, indeed, it is in the power of every traveller to gratify; but it is the leading principle in weak minds only.

To render his relation agreeable to the man of sense, it is therefore necessary that the voyager should possess several eminent and rare talents; so rare, indeed, that it is almost wonderful to see them ever united in the same person.

And if all these talents must concur in

the relator, they are certainly in a more eminent degree necessary to the writer: for here the narration admits of higher ornaments of stile, and every fact and sentiment offers itself to the fullest and most deliberate examination.

It would appear therefore, I think, somewhat strange, if such writers as these should be found extremely common; since nature hath been a most parsimonious distributer of her richest talents, and hath seldom bestowed many on the same person. But on the other hand, why there should scarce exist a single writer of this kind worthy our regard; and whilst there is no other branch of history (for this is history) which hath not exercised the greatest pens, why this alone should be overlooked by all men of great genius and erudition, and delivered up to the Goths and Vandals as their lawful property, is altogether as difficult to determine.

And yet that this is the case, with some very few exceptions, is most manifest. Of these I shall willingly admit Burnet and Addison; if the former was not perhaps to be considered as a political essayist, and the latter as a commentator

on the classics, rather than as a writer of travels; which last title perhaps they would both of them have been least ambitious to affect.

Indeed if these two, and two or three more, should be removed from the mass, there would remain such a heap of dulness behind, that the appellation of voyage-writer would not appear very desirable.

I am not here unapprized that old Homer himself is by some considered as a voyage-writer; and indeed the beginning of his Odyssey may be urged to countenance that opinion, which I shall not controvert. But whatever species of writing the Odyssey is of, it is surely at the head of that species, as much as the Iliad is of another; and so far the excellent Longinus would allow, I believe, at this day.

But, in reality, the Odyssey, the Telemachus, and all of that kind, are to the voyage-writing I here intend, what romance is to true history, the former being the confounder and corrupter of the latter. I am far from supposing, that Homer, Hesiod, and the other antient poets and mythologists, had any settled

design to pervert and confuse the records of antiquity; but it is certain they have effected it; and, for my part, I must confess I should have honoured and loved Homer more had he written a true history of his own times in humble prose, than those noble poems that have so justly collected the praise of all ages; for though I read these with more admiration and astonishment, I still read Herodotus, Thucydides and Xenophon, with more amusement and more satisfaction.

The original poets were not, however, without excuse. They found the limits of nature too strait for the immensity of their genius, which they had not room to exert, without extending fact by fiction; and that especially at a time when the manners of men were too simple to afford that variety, which they have since offered in vain to the choice of the meanest writers. In doing this, they are again excusable for the manner in which they have done it,

Ut speciosa dehinc miracula promant.

They are not indeed so properly said to turn reality into fiction, as fiction into

reality. Their paintings are so bold, their colours so strong, that every thing they touch seems to exist in the very manner they represent it: their portraits are so just, and their landscapes so beautiful, that we acknowledge the strokes of nature in both, without enquiring whether nature herself, or her journeyman the poet, formed the first pattern of the piece.

But other writers (I will put Pliny at their head) have no such pretensions to indulgence: they lye for lying sake, or in order insolently to impose the most monstrous improbabilities and absurdities upon their readers on their own authority; treating them as some fathers treat children, and as other fathers do lay-men, exacting their belief of whatever they relate, on no other foundation than their own authority, without ever taking the pains of adapting their lies to human credulity, and of calculating them for the meridian of a common understanding; but with as much weakness as wickedness, and with more impudence often than either, they assert facts contrary to the honour of God, to the visible order of the creation, to the

known laws of nature, to the histories of former ages, and to the experience of our own, and which no man can at once understand and believe.

If it should be objected (and it can no where be objected better than where I now write,[1] as there is no where more pomp of bigotry) that whole nations have been firm believers in such most absurd suppositions; I reply, the fact is not true. They have known nothing of the matter, and have believed they knew not what. It is, indeed, with me no matter of doubt, but that the pope and his clergy might teach any of those Christian Heterodoxies, the tenets of which are the most diametrically opposite to their own; nay, all the doctrines of Zoroaster, Confucius, and Mahomet, not only with certain and immediate success, but without one catholick in a thousand knowing he had changed his religion.

What motive a man can have to sit down, and to draw forth a list of stupid, senseless, incredible lies upon paper, would be difficult to determine, did not Vanity present herself so immediately as the adequate cause. The vanity of

[1] At Lisbon.

knowing more than other men is, perhaps, besides hunger, the only inducement to writing, at least to publishing, at all: why then should not the voyage-writer be inflamed with the glory of having seen what no man ever did or will see but himself? This is the true source of the wonderful, in the discourse and writings, and sometimes, I believe, in the actions of men. There is another fault of a kind directly opposite to this, to which these writers are sometimes liable, when, instead of filling their pages with monsters which no body hath ever seen, and with adventures which never have nor could possibly have happened to them, they waste their time and paper with recording things and facts of so common a kind, that they challenge no other right of being remembered, than as they had the honour of having happened to the author, to whom nothing seems trivial that in any manner happens to himself. Of such consequence do his own actions appear to one of this kind, that he would probably think himself guilty of infidelity, should he omit the minutest thing in the detail of his journal. That the fact is true, is sufficient to give

it a place there, without any consideration whether it is capable of pleasing or surprising, of diverting or informing the reader.

I have seen a play (if I mistake not, it is one of Mrs. Behn's, or of Mrs. Centlivre's) where this vice in a voyage-writer is finely ridiculed. An ignorant pedant, to whose government, for I know not what reason, the conduct of a young nobleman in his travels is committed, and who is sent abroad to shew My Lord the world, of which he knows nothing himself, before his departure from a town, calls for his journal, to record the goodness of the wine and tobacco, with other articles of the same importance, which are to furnish the materials of a voyage at his return home. The humour, it is true, is here carried very far; and yet, perhaps, very little beyond what is to be found in writers who profess no intention of dealing in humour at all.

Of one or other or both of these kinds are, I conceive, all that vast pile of books which pass under the names of voyages, travels, adventures, lives, memoirs, histories, &c., some of which a single traveller sends into the world in many volumes,

and others are, by judicious booksellers, collected into vast bodies in folio, and inscribed with their own names, as if they were indeed their own travels; thus unjustly attributing to themselves the merit of others.

Now from both these faults we have endeavoured to steer clear in the following narrative: which, however the contrary may be insinuated by ignorant, unlearned, and fresh-water critics, who have never travelled either in books or ships, I do solemnly declare doth, in my own impartial opinion, deviate less from truth than any other voyage extant; my lord Anson's alone being, perhaps, excepted.

Some few embellishments must be allowed to every historian: for we are not to conceive that the speeches in Livy, Sallust, or Thucydides, were literally spoken in the very words in which we now read them. It is sufficient that every fact hath its foundation in truth, as I do seriously aver is the case in the ensuing pages; and when it is so, a good critic will be so far from denying all kind of ornament of stile or diction, or even of circumstance to his author, that he

would be rather sorry if he omitted it: for he could hence derive no other advantage than the loss of an additional pleasure in the perusal.

Again, if any merely common incident should appear in this journal, which will seldom, I apprehend, be the case, the candid reader will easily perceive it is not introduced for its own sake, but for some observations and reflections naturally resulting from it; and which, if but little to his amusement, tend directly to the instruction of the reader, or to the information of the public; to whom if I chuse to convey such instruction or information with an air of joke and laughter, none but the dullest of fellows will, I believe, censure it; but if they should, I have the authority of more than one passage in Horace to alledge in my defence.

Having thus endeavoured to obviate some censures to which a man, without the gift of fore-sight, or any fear of the imputation of being a conjurer, might conceive this work would be liable, I might now undertake a more pleasing task, and fall at once to the direct and positive praises of the work itself; of

which indeed I could say a thousand good things: but the task is so very pleasant that I shall leave it wholly to the reader; and it is all the task that I impose on him. A moderation for which he may think himself obliged to me, when he compares it with the conduct of authors, who often fill a whole sheet with their own praises, to which they sometimes set their own real names, and sometimes a fictitious one. One hint, however, I must give the kind reader; which is, that if he should be able to find no sort of amusement in the book, he will be pleased to remember the public utility which will arise from it. If entertainment, as Mr. Richardson observes, be but a secondary consideration in a romance; with which Mr. Addison I think agrees, affirming the use of the pastry-cook to be the first; if this, I say, be true of a mere work of invention, sure it may well be so considered in a work founded, like this, on truth; and where the political reflections form so distinguishing a part.

But perhaps I may hear, from some critic of the most saturnine complexion, that my vanity must have made a horrid

dupe of my judgment, if it hath flattered me with an expectation of having any thing here seen in a grave light, or of conveying any useful instruction to the public, or to their guardians. I answer with the great man, whom I just now quoted, that my purpose is to convey instruction in the vehicle of entertainment; and so to bring about at once, like the revolution in the Rehearsal, a perfect reformation of the laws relating to our maritime affairs: an undertaking, I will not say more modest, but surely more feasible, than that of reforming a whole people, by making use of a vehicular story, to wheel in among them worse manners than their own.

THE INTRODUCTION.

In the beginning of August, 1753, when I had taken the Duke of Portland's medicine, as it is called, near a year, the effects of which had been the carrying off the symptoms of a lingering imperfect gout, I was persuaded by Mr. Ranby, the King's premier serjeant-surgeon, and the ablest advice, I believe, in all branches of the physical profession, to go immediately to Bath. I accordingly writ that very night to Mrs. Bowden, who, by the next post, informed me she had taken me a lodging for a month certain.

Within a few days after this, whilst I was preparing for my journey, and when I was almost fatigued to death with several long examinations, relating to five different murders, all committed within the space of a week, by different gangs of street robbers, I received

a message from his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, by Mr. Carrington, the King's messenger, to attend his Grace in Lincoln's-inn-fields, upon some business of importance; with which I immediately complied; when his Grace sent a gentleman to discourse with me on the best plan which could be invented for putting an immediate end to those murders and robberies which were every day committed in the streets: upon which, I promised to transmit my opinion, in writing, to his Grace, who, as the gentleman informed me, intended to lay it before the privy council.

'Tho' this visit cost me a severe cold, I, notwithstanding, set myself down to work, and in about four days sent the Duke as regular a plan as I could form, with all the reasons and arguments I could bring to support it, drawn out in several sheets of paper; and soon received a message from the Duke, by Mr. Carrington, acquainting me, that my plan was highly approved of, and that all the terms of it would be complied with.

The principal and most material of those terms was the immediately de-

positing £600 in my hands; at which small charge I undertook to demolish the then reigning gangs, and to put the civil policy into such order, that no such gangs should ever be able, for the future, to form themselves into bodies, or at least to remain any time formidable to the public.

I had delayed my Bath-journey for some time, contrary to the repeated advice of my physical acquaintance, and to the ardent desire of my warmest friends, tho' my distemper was now turned to a deep jaundice; in which case the Bath-waters are generally reputed to be almost infallible. But I had the most eager desire of demolishing this gang of villains and cut-throats, which I was sure of accomplishing the moment I was enabled to pay a fellow who had undertaken, for a small sum, to betray them into the hands of a set of thief-takers whom I had enlisted into the service, all men of known and approved fidelity and intrepidity.

After some weeks the money was paid at the Treasury, and within a few days after £200 of it had come to my hands the whole gang of cut-throats was entirely

dispersed, seven of them were in actual custody, and the rest driven, some out of town, and others out of the kingdom.

Tho' my health was now reduced to the last extremity, I continued to act with the utmost vigour against these villains; in examining whom, and in taking the depositions against them, I have often spent whole days, nay sometimes whole nights, especially when there was any difficulty in procuring sufficient evidence to convict them; which is a very common case in street-robberies, even when the guilt of the party is sufficiently apparent to satisfy the most tender conscience. But courts of justice know nothing of a cause more than what is told them on oath by a witness; and the most flagitious villain upon earth is tried in the same manner as a man of the best character, who is accused of the same crime.

Mean while, amidst all my fatigues and distresses, I had the satisfaction to find my endeavours had been attended with such success, that this hellish society were almost utterly extirpated, and that, instead of reading of murders and street-robberies in the news, almost every

morning, there was, in the remaining part of the month of November, and in all December, not only no such thing as a murder, but not even a street-robbery committed. Some such, indeed, were mentioned in the public papers; but they were all found, on the strictest enquiry, to be false.

In this entire freedom from street-robberies, during the dark months, no man will, I believe, scruple to acknowledge, that the winter of 1753 stands unrival'd, during a course of many years; and this may possibly appear the more extraordinary to those who recollect the outrages with which it began.

Having thus fully accomplished my undertaking, I went into the country in a very weak and deplorable condition, with no fewer or less diseases than a jaundice, a dropsy, and an asthma, altogether uniting their forces in the destruction of a body so entirely emaciated, that it had lost all its muscular flesh.

Mine was now no longer what is called a Bath case; nor, if it had been so, had I strength remaining sufficient to go thither, a ride of six miles only being attended with an intolerable fatigue. I

now discharged my lodgings at Bath, which I had hitherto kept. I began, in earnest, to look on my case as desperate, and I had vanity enough to rank myself with those heroes who, of old times, became voluntary sacrifices to the good of the public.

But, lest the reader should be too eager to catch at the word *vanity*, and should be unwilling to indulge me with so sublime a gratification, for I think he is not too apt to gratify me, I will take my key a pitch lower, and will frankly own that I had a stronger motive than the love of the public to push me on: I will therefore confess to him, that my private affairs at the beginning of the winter had but a gloomy aspect; for I had not plundered the public or the poor of those sums which men, who are always ready to plunder both as much as they can, have been pleased to suspect me of taking: on the contrary, by composing, instead of inflaming, the quarrels of porters and beggars (which I blush when I say hath not been universally practised) and by refusing to take a shilling from a man who most undoubtedly would not have had another left, I had reduced an

income of about £500[1] a year of the dirtiest money upon earth, to little more than £300; a considerable proportion of which remained with my clerk; and in-

[1] A predecessor of mine used to boast that he made £1000 a year in his office: but how he did this, if indeed he did it, is to me a secret. His clerk, now mine, told me I had more business than he had ever known there; I am sure I had as much as any man could do. The truth is, the fees are so very low, when any are due, and so much is done for nothing, that if a single justice of peace had business enough to employ twenty clerks, neither he nor they would get much by their labour. The public will not therefore, I hope, think I betray a secret when I inform them, that I received from the government a yearly pension out of the public service-money; which I believe indeed would have been larger, had my great patron been convinced of an error, which I have heard him utter more than once, That he could not indeed say, that the acting as a principal justice of peace in Westminster was on all accounts very desirable, but that all the world knew it was a very lucrative office. Now to have shewn him plainly, that a man must be a rogue to make a very little this way, and that he could not make much by being as great a rogue as he could be, would have required more confidence than I believe he had in me, and more of his conversation than he chose to allow me; I therefore resigned the office, and the farther execution of my plan to

deed if the whole had done so, as it ought, he would be but ill paid for sitting almost sixteen hours in the twenty-four, in the most unwholesome, as well as nauseous air in the universe, and which hath in his case corrupted a good constitution without contaminating his morals.

But, not to trouble the reader with anecdotes, contrary to my own rule laid down in my preface, I assure him I thought my family was very slenderly provided for; and that my health began to decline so fast, that I had very little more of life left to accomplish what I had thought of too late. I rejoiced therefore greatly in seeing an opportunity, as I apprehended, of gaining such merit in the eye of the public, that if my life were the sacrifice to it, my friends might think they did a popular act in putting my family at least beyond the reach of necessity, which I myself began to despair of doing. And tho' I disclaim all pretence to that Spartan or Roman patriotism,

my brother, who had long been my assistant. And now, lest the case between me and the reader should be the same in both instances as it was between me and the great man, I will not add another word on the subject.

which loved the public so well that it was always ready to become a voluntary sacrifice to the public good, I do solemnly declare I have that love for my family.

After this concession therefore, that the public was not the principal Deity to which my life was offered a sacrifice, and when it is farther considered what a poor sacrifice this was, being indeed no other than the giving up what I saw little likelihood of being able to hold much longer, and which, upon the terms I held it, nothing but the weakness of human nature could represent to me as worth holding at all; the world may, I believe, without envy, allow me all the praise to which I have any title.

My aim, in fact, was not praise, which is the last gift they care to bestow; at least this was not my aim as an end, but rather as a means, of purchasing some moderate provision for my family, which, tho' it should exceed my merit, must fall infinitely short of my service, if I succeeded in my attempt.

To say the truth, the public never act more wisely, than when they act most liberally in the distribution of their rewards; and here the good they receive

is often more to be considered than the motive from which they receive it. Example alone is the end of all public punishments and rewards. Laws never inflict disgrace in resentment, nor confer honour from gratitude. For it is very hard, my lord, said a convicted felon at the bar to the late excellent judge Burnet, to hang a poor man for stealing a horse. You are not to be hanged, Sir, answered my ever-honoured and beloved friend, for stealing a horse, but you are to be hanged that horses may not be stolen. In like manner it might have been said to the late duke of Marlborough, when the parliament was so deservedly liberal to him, after the battle of Blenheim, You receive not these honours and bounties on account of a victory past, but that other victories may be obtained.

I was now, in the opinion of all men, dying of a complication of disorders; and, were I desirous of playing the advocate, I have an occasion fair enough: but I disdain such an attempt. I relate facts plainly and simply as they are; and let the world draw from them what conclusions they please, taking with them

the following facts for their instruction. The one is, That the proclamation offering £100 for the apprehending felons for certain felonies committed in certain places, which I prevented from being revived, had formerly cost the government several thousand pounds within a single year. Secondly, That all such proclamations, instead of curing the evil, had actually increased it; had multiplied the number of robberies; had propagated the worst and wickedest of perjuries; had laid snares for youth and ignorance; which, by the temptation of these rewards, had been sometimes drawn into guilt; and sometimes, which cannot be thought on without the highest horror, had destroyed them without it. Thirdly, That my plan had not put the government to more than £300 expence, and had produced none of the ill consequences above-mentioned; but, lastly, Had actually suppressed the evil for a time, and had plainly pointed out the means of suppressing it for ever. This I would myself have undertaken, had my health permitted, at the annual expence of the above-mentioned sum.

After having stood the terrible six

weeks which succeeded last Christmas, and put a lucky end, if they had known their own interests, to such numbers of aged and infirm valetudinarians, who might have gasped through two or three mild winters more, I returned to town in February, in a condition less despaired of by myself than by any of my friends. I now became the patient of Dr. Ward, who wished I had taken his advice earlier.

By his advice I was tapped, and fourteen quarts of water drawn from my belly. The sudden relaxation which this caused, added to my enervate, emaciated habit of body, so weakened me, that within two days I was thought to be falling into the agonies of death.

I was at the worst on that memorable day when the public lost Mr. Pelham. From that day I began slowly, as it were, to draw my feet out of the grave; till in two months time I had again acquired some little degree of strength; but was again full of water.

During this whole time, I took Mr. Ward's medicines, which had seldom any perceptible operation. Those in particular of the diaphoretic kind, the work-

ing of which is thought to require a great strength of constitution to support, had so little effect on me, that Mr. Ward declared it was as vain to attempt sweating me as a deal board.

In this situation I was tapped a second time. I had one quart of water less taken from me now than before; but I bore all the consequences of the operation much better. This I attributed greatly to a dose of laudanum prescribed by my surgeon. It first gave me the most delicious flow of spirits, and afterwards as comfortable a nap.

The month of May, which was now begun, it seemed reasonable to expect would introduce the spring, and drive off that winter which yet maintained its footing on the stage. I resolved therefore to visit a little house of mine in the country, which stands at Ealing, in the county of Middlesex, in the best air, I believe, in the whole kingdom, and far superior to that of Kensington Gravel-Pits; for the gravel is here much wider and deeper, the place higher and more open towards the south, whilst it is guarded from the north wind by a ridge of hills, and from the smells and smoke

of London by its distance; which last is not the fate of Kensington, when the wind blows from any corner of the east.

Obligations to Mr. Ward I shall always confess; for I am convinced that he omitted no care in endeavouring to serve me, without any expectation or desire of fee or reward.

The powers of Mr. Ward's remedies want indeed no unfair puffs of mine to give them credit; and tho' this distemper of the dropsy stands, I believe, first in the list of those over which he is always certain of triumphing; yet, possibly, there might be something particular in my case, capable of eluding that radical force which had healed so many thousands. The same distemper, in different constitutions, may possibly be attended with such different symptoms, that to find an infallible nostrum for the curing any one distemper in every patient, may be almost as difficult as to find a panacea for the cure of all.

But even such a panacea one of the greatest scholars and best of men did lately apprehend he had discovered. It is true, indeed, he was no physician; that is, he had not by the forms of his education acquired a right of applying his skill

in the art of physic to his own private advantage; and yet, perhaps, it may be truly asserted, that no other modern hath contributed so much to make his physical skill useful to the public; at least, that none hath undergone the pains of communicating this discovery in writing to the world. The reader, I think, will scarce need to be informed that the writer I mean is the late bishop of Cloyne, in Ireland, and the discovery, that of the virtues of tar-water.

I then happened to recollect, upon a hint given me by the inimitable author of the Female Quixote, that I had many years before, from curiosity only, taken a cursory view of bishop Berkeley's treatise on the virtues of tar-water, which I had formerly observed he strongly contends to be that real panacea which Sydenham supposes to have an existence in nature, tho' it yet remains undiscovered, and, perhaps, will always remain so.

Upon the re-perusal of this book I found the bishop only asserting his opinion, that tar-water might be useful in the dropsy, since he had known it to have a surprizing success in the cure of a most stubborn anasarca, which is indeed

no other than, as the word implies, the dropsy of the flesh; and this was, at that time, a large part of my complaint.

After a short trial, therefore, of a milk diet, which I presently found did not suit with my case, I betook myself to the bishop's prescription, and dosed myself every morning and evening with half a pint of tar-water.

It was no more than three weeks since my last tapping, and my belly and limbs were distended with water. This did not give me the worse opinion of tar-water: for I never supposed there could be any such virtue in tar-water, as immediately to carry off a quantity of water already collected. For my delivery from this, I well knew I must be again obliged to the trochar; and that if the tar-water did me any good at all, it must be only by the slowest degrees; and that if it should ever get the better of my distemper, it must be by the tedious operation of undermining, and not by a sudden attack and storm.

Some visible effects, however, and far beyond what my most sanguine hopes could with any modesty expect, I very soon experienced; the tar-water having,

from the very first, lessened my illness, increased my appetite, and added, though in a very slow proportion, to my bodily strength.

But if my strength had increased a little, my water daily increased much more. So that, by the end of May, my belly became again ripe for the trochar, and I was a third time tapped; upon which two very favourable symptoms appeared. I had three quarts of water taken from me less than had been taken the last time; and I bore the relaxation with much less (indeed with scarce any) faintness.

Those of my physical friends, on whose judgment I chiefly depended, seemed to think my only chance of life consisted in having the whole summer before me; in which I might hope to gather sufficient strength to encounter the inclemencies of the ensuing winter. But this chance began daily to lessen. I saw the summer mouldering away, or rather, indeed, the year passing away without intending to bring on any summer at all. In the whole month of May the sun scarce appeared three times. So that the early fruits came to the fulness of their growth,

and to some appearance of ripeness, without acquiring any real maturity; having wanted the heat of the sun to soften and meliorate their juices. I saw the dropsy gaining rather than losing ground; the distance growing still shorter between the tappings. I saw the asthma likewise beginning again to become more troublesome. I saw the midsummer quarter drawing towards a close. So that I conceived, if the Michaelmas quarter should steal off in the same manner, as it was, in my opinion, very much to be apprehended it would, I should be delivered up to the attacks of winter, before I recruited my forces, so as to be any wise able to withstand them.

I now began to recal an intention, which from the first dawnings of my recovery I had conceiv'd, of removing to a warmer climate; and finding this to be approv'd of by a very eminent physician, I resolved to put it into immediate execution.

Aix in Provence was the place first thought on; but the difficulties of getting thither were insuperable. The journey by land, beside the expence of it, was infinitely too long and fatiguing;

and I could hear of no ship that was likely to set out from London, within any reasonable time for Marseilles, or any other port in that part of the Mediterranean.

Lisbon was presently fixed on in its room. The air here, as it was near four degrees to the south of Aix, must be more mild and warm, and the winter shorter and less piercing.

It was not difficult to find a ship bound to a place with which we carry on so immense a trade. Accordingly, my brother soon informed me of the excellent accommodations for passengers, which were to be found on board a ship that was obliged to sail for Lisbon in three days.

I eagerly embraced the offer, notwithstanding the shortness of the time; and having given my brother full power to contract for our passage, I began to prepare my family for the voyage with the utmost expedition.

But our great haste was needless; for the captain having twice put off his sailing, I at length invited him to dinner with me at Fordhook, a full week after the time on which he had declared, and

that with many asseverations, he must, and would, weigh anchor.

He dined with me, according to his appointment; and when all matters were settled between us, left me with positive orders to be on board the Wednesday following; when he declared he would fall down the river to Gravesend; and would not stay a moment for the greatest man in the world.

He advised me to go to Gravesend by land, and there wait the arrival of his ship; assigning many reasons for this, every one of which was, as I well remember, among those that had before determined me to go on board near the Tower.

THE JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE TO LISBON.

Wednesday, June 26, 1754.

On this day, the most melancholy sun I had ever beheld arose, and found me awake at my house at Fordhook. By the light of this sun, I was, in my own opinion, last to behold and take leave of some of those creatures on whom I doated with a mother-like fondness, guided by nature and passion, and uncured and unhardened by all the doctrine of that philosophical school where I had learnt to bear pains and to despise death.

In this situation, as I could not conquer nature, I submitted entirely to her, and she made as great fool of me as she had ever done of any woman whatsoever: under pretence of giving me leave to enjoy, she drew me in to suffer

the company of my little ones, during eight hours; and I doubt not whether, in that time, I did not undergo more than in all my distemper.

At twelve precisely my coach was at the door, which was no sooner told me than I kiss'd my children round, and went into it with some little resolution. My wife, who behaved more like a heroine and philosopher, tho' at the same time the tenderest mother in the world, and my eldest daughter, followed me; some friends went with us, and others here took their leave; and I heard my behaviour applauded, with many murmurs and praises to which I well knew I had no title; as all other such philosophers may, if they have any modesty, confess on the like occasions.

In two hours we arrived in Redriffe, and immediately went on board, and were to have sailed the next morning; but as this was the king's proclamation-day, and consequently a holiday at the Custom-house, the captain could not clear his vessel till the Thursday; for these holidays are as strictly observed as those in the popish calendar, and are almost as numerous. I might add, that

both are opposite to the genius of trade, and consequently *contra bonum publicum.*

To go on board the ship it was necessary first to go into a boat; a matter of no small difficulty, as I had no use of my limbs, and was to be carried by men, who tho' sufficiently strong for their burden, were, like Archimedes, puzzled to find a steady footing. Of this, as few of my readers have not gone into wherries on the Thames, they will easily be able to form to themselves an idea. However, by the assistance of my friend Mr. Welch, whom I never think or speak of but with love and esteem, I conquered this difficulty, as I did afterwards that of ascending the ship, into which I was hoisted with more ease by a chair lifted with pullies. I was soon seated in a great chair in the cabin, to refresh myself after a fatigue which had been more intolerable, in a quarter of a mile's passage from my couch to the ship, than I had before undergone in a land-journey of twelve miles, which I had travelled with the utmost expedition.

This latter fatigue was, perhaps, somewhat heightened by an indignation which I could not prevent arising in my mind.

I think, upon my entrance into the boat, I presented a spectacle of the highest horror. The total loss of limbs was apparent to all who saw me, and my face contained marks of a most diseased state, if not of death itself. Indeed so ghastly was my countenance, that timorous women with child had abstained from my house, for fear of the ill consequences of looking at me. In this condition, I ran the gauntlope, (so, I think I may justly call it) through rows of sailors and watermen, few of whom failed of paying their compliments to me, by all manner of insults and jests on my misery. No man who knew me will think I conceived any personal resentment at this behaviour; but it was a lively picture of that cruelty and inhumanity, in the nature of men, which I have often contemplated with concern; and which leads the mind into a train of very uncomfortable and melancholy thoughts. It may be said, that this barbarous custom is peculiar to the English, and of them only to the lowest degree; that it is an excrescence of an uncontroul'd licentiousness mistaken for liberty, and never shews itself in men who are polish'd and refin'd, in such manner as

human nature requires, to produce that perfection of which it is susceptible, and to purge away that malevolence of disposition, of which, at our birth, we partake in common with the savage creation.

This may be said, and this is all that can be said; and it is, I am afraid, but little satisfactory to account for the inhumanity of those, who, while they boast of being made after God's own image, seem to bear in their minds a resemblance of the vilest species of brutes; or rather, indeed, of our idea of devils: for I don't know that any brutes can be taxed with such malevolence.

A surloin of beef was now placed on the table, for which, tho' little better than carrion, as much was charged by the master of the little paltry alehouse who dressed it, as would have been demanded for all the elegance of the King's Arms, or any other polite tavern, or eating-house; for indeed the difference between the best house and the worst is, that at the former you pay largely for luxury, at the latter for nothing.

Thursday, June 27. This morning the captain, who lay on shore at his own house, paid us a visit in the cabin; and

after having express'd his concern at the impossibility of sailing so soon as he expected, hoped we would excuse delay, which he could not foresee, but assured us he would certainly fall down the river on Saturday. This indeed was no small mortification to me; for, besides the disagreeable situation in which we then lay, in the confines of Wapping and Redriffe, tasting a delicious mixture of the air of both these sweet places, and enjoying the concord of sweet sounds of seamen, watermen, fish-women, oyster-women, and of all the vociferous inhabitants of both shores, composing altogether a greater variety of harmony than Hogarth's imagination hath brought together in that print of his, which is enough to make a man deaf to look at; I had a more urgent cause to press our departure, which was, that the dropsy, for which I had undergone three tappings, seemed to threaten me with a fourth discharge before I should reach Lisbon, and when I should have no body on board capable of performing the operation: but I was obliged to hearken to the voice of reason, if I may use the captain's own words, and to rest myself contented. Indeed

there was no alternative within my reach, but what would have cost me much too dear.

There are many evils in society, from which people of the highest rank are so entirely exempt, that they have not the least knowledge or idea of them; nor indeed of the characters which are formed by them. Such, for instance, is the conveyance of goods and passengers from one place to another. Now there is no such thing as any kind of knowledge contemptible in itself; and as the particular knowledge I here mean is entirely necessary to the well understanding and well enjoying this journal; and, lastly, as in this case the most ignorant will be those very readers whose amusement we chiefly consult, and to whom we wish to be supposed principally to write, we will here enter somewhat largely into the discussion of this matter; the rather, for that no antient or modern author (if we can trust the catalogue of Dr. Mead's library) hath ever undertaken it; but that it seems (in the stile of Don Quixote) a task reserved for my pen alone.

When I first conceived this intention, I began to entertain thoughts of inquir-

ing into the antiquity of travelling: and, as many persons have performed in this way (I mean have travelled) at the expence of the public, I flattered myself that the spirit of improving arts and sciences, and of advancing useful and substantial learning, which so eminently distinguishes this age, and hath given rise to more speculative societies in Europe than I at present can recollect the names of; perhaps indeed than I or any other, besides their very near neighbours, ever heard mentioned, would assist in promoting so curious a work: A work! begun with the same views, calculated for the same purposes, and fitted for the same uses, with the labours which those right honourable societies have so cheerfully undertaken themselves, and encouraged in others; sometimes with the highest honours, even with admission into their colleges, and with inrolment among their members.

From these societies I promised myself all assistance in their power, particularly the communication of such valuable manuscripts and records as they must be supposed to have collected from those obscure ages of antiquity, when

history yields us such imperfect accounts of the residence, and much more imperfect, of the travels of the human race; unless, perhaps, as a curious and learned member of the young society of antiquarians is said to have hinted his conjectures, that their residence and their travels were one and the same; and this discovery (for such it seems to be) he is said to have owed to the lighting by accident on a book, which we shall have occasion to mention presently, the contents of which were then little known to the society.

The King of Prussia, moreover, who, from a degree of benevolence and taste which in either case is a rare production in so northern a climate, is the great encourager of art and science, I was well assured would promote so useful a design, and order his archives to be searched in my behalf.

But, after well weighing all these advantages, and much meditation on the order of my work, my whole design was subverted in a moment, by hearing of the discovery just mentioned to have been made by the young antiquarian, who from the most antient record in the

world, (tho' I don't find the society are all agreed in this point) one long preceding the date of the earliest modern collections, either of books or butterflies, none of which pretend to go beyond the flood, shews us, that the first man was a traveller, and that he and his family were scarce settled in Paradise, before they disliked their own home, and became passengers to another place. Hence it appears, that the humour of travelling is as old as the human race, and that it was their curse from the beginning.

By this discovery my plan became much shortened, and I found it only necessary to treat of the conveyance of goods and passengers from place to place; which not being universally known, seemed proper to be explained, before we examined into its original. There are, indeed, two different ways of tracing all things, used by the historian and the antiquary; these are upwards, and downwards. The former shews you how things are, and leaves to others to discover when they began to be so. The latter shews you how things were, and leaves their present existence to be examined by others. Hence the former is

more useful, the latter more curious. The former receives the thanks of mankind, the latter of that valuable part, the virtuosi.

In explaining, therefore, this mystery of carrying goods and passengers from one place to another, hitherto so profound a secret to the very best of our readers, we shall pursue the historical method, and endeavour to shew by what means it is at present performed, referring the more curious enquiry either to some other pen, or to some other opportunity.

Now there are two general ways of performing (if God permit) this conveyance; viz. by land and water, both of which have much variety; that by land being performed in different vehicles, such as coaches, caravans, waggons, &c. and that by water in ships, barges, and boats, of various sizes and denominations. But as all these methods of conveyance are formed on the same principles, they agree so well together, that it is fully sufficient to comprehend them all in the general view, without descending to such minute particulars as would distinguish one method from another.

Common to all of these is one general principle, that as the goods to be conveyed are usually the larger, so they are to be chiefly considered in the conveyance; the owner being indeed little more than an appendage to his trunk, or box, or bale, or at best a small part of his own baggage, very little care is to be taken in stowing or packing them up with convenience to himself: for the conveyance is not of passengers and goods, but of goods and passengers.

Secondly, From this conveyance arises a new kind of relation, or rather of subjection in the society; by which the passenger becomes bound in allegiance to his conveyer. This allegiance is indeed only temporary and local, but the most absolute during its continuance of any known in Great-Britain, and, to say truth, scarce consistent with the liberties of a free people; nor could it be reconciled with them, did it not move downwards, a circumstance universally apprehended to be incompatible to all kinds of slavery. For Aristotle, in his Politicks, hath proved abundantly to my satisfaction, that no men are born to be slaves, except barbarians; and these only

to such as are not themselves barbarians: and indeed Mr. Montesquieu hath carried it very little farther, in the case of the Africans; the real truth being, that no man is born to be a slave, unless to him who is able to make him so.

Thirdly, This subjection is absolute, and consists of a perfect resignation both of body and soul to the disposal of another; after which resignation, during a certain time, his subject retains no more power over his own will, than an Asiatic slave, or an English wife, by the laws of both countries, and by the customs of one of them. If I should mention the instance of a stage-coachman, many of my readers would recognize the truth of what I have here observed; all indeed, that ever have been under the dominion of that tyrant, who, in this free country, is as absolute as a Turkish Bashaw. In two particulars only his power is defective; he cannot press you into his service, and if you enter yourself at one place, on condition of being discharged at a certain time at another, he is obliged to perform his agreement, if God permit: but, all the intermediate time, you are absolutely under his government; he

carries you how he will, when he will, and whither he will, provided it be not much out of the road; you have nothing to eat, or to drink, but what, and when, and where he pleases. Nay, you cannot sleep, unless he pleases you should; for he will order you sometimes out of bed at midnight, and hurry you away at a moment's warning: indeed, if you can sleep in his vehicle, he cannot prevent it; nay, indeed, to give him his due, this he is ordinarily disposed to encourage; for the earlier he forces you to rise in the morning, the more time he will give you in the heat of the day, sometimes even six hours at an alehouse, or at their doors, where he always gives you the same indulgence which he allows himself; and for this he is generally very moderate in his demands. I have known a whole bundle of passengers charged no more than half a crown for being suffered to remain quiet at an alehouse door, for above a whole hour, and that even in the hottest day in summer.

But as this kind of tyranny, tho' it hath escaped our political writers, hath been, I think, touched by our dramatic, and is more trite among the generality of

readers; and as this and all other kinds of such subjection are alike unknown to my friends, I will quit the passengers by land, and treat of those who travel by water: for whatever is said on this subject is applicable to both alike, and we may bring them together as closely as they are brought in the liturgy, when they are recommended to the prayers of all Christian congregations; and (which I have often thought very remarkable) where they are joined with other miserable wretches, such as, women in labour, people in sickness, infants just born, prisoners and captives.

Goods and passengers are conveyed by water in divers vehicles, the principal of which being a ship, it shall suffice to mention that alone. Here the tyrant doth not derive his title, as the stage-coachman doth, from the vehicle itself, in which he stows his goods and passengers, but he is called the captain; a word of such various use and uncertain signification, that it seems very difficult to fix any positive idea to it: if indeed there be any general meaning which may comprehend all its different uses, that of the head, or chief, of any body of men, seems

to be most capable of this comprehension; for whether they be a company of soldiers, a crew of sailors, or a gang of rogues, he who is at the head of them is always stiled the captain.

The captain, whose fortune it was to stow us aboard, laid a farther claim to this appellation than the bare command of a vehicle of conveyance. He had been the captain of a privateer, which he looked upon as being in the king's service; and in this capacity he had gained great honour, having distinguished his bravery in some very warm engagements, for which he had justly received public thanks; and from hence he derived a right of hoisting the military ornament of a cockade over the button of his hat, and of wearing a sword of no ordinary length.

Now, as I saw myself in danger from these unavoidable delays, and as the wind had been long nested, as it were, in the south-west, where it constantly blew hurricanes, I began with great reason to apprehend that our voyage might be long, and that my belly, which began already to be much extended, would require the water to be let out at a time when no

assistance was at hand; though indeed, the captain comforted me with assurances, that he had a pretty young fellow on board, who acted as his surgeon, as I found he likewise did as steward, cook, butler, sailor. In short, he had as many offices as Scrub in the play, and went through them all with great dexterity: this of surgeon, was, perhaps, the only one in which his skill was somewhat deficient, at least that branch of tapping for the dropsy; for he very ingenuously and modestly confessed, he had never seen the operation performed, nor was possessed of that chirurgical instrument with which it is performed.

Friday, June 28. By way of prevention, therefore, I this day sent for my friend Mr. Hunter, the great surgeon and anatomist of Covent-garden; and, though my belly was not yet very full and tight, let out ten quarts of water, the young sea-surgeon attending the operation, not as a performer, but as a student.

I was now eased of the greatest apprehension which I had from the length of the passage; and I told the captain, I was become indifferent as to the time of his sailing. He expressed much satis-

faction in this declaration, and at hearing from me, that I found myself, since my tapping, much lighter and better. In this, I believe, he was sincere; for he was, as we shall have occasion to observe more than once, a very good-natured man; and as he was a very brave one too, I found that the heroic constancy, with which I had born an operation that is attended with scarce any degree of pain, had not a little raised me in his esteem. That he might adhere, therefore, in the most religious and rigorous manner to his word, he ordered his ship to fall down to Gravesend on Sunday morning, and there to wait his arrival.

Sunday, June 30. Nothing worth notice pass'd till that morning, when my poor wife, after passing a night in the utmost torments of the tooth-ach, resolved to have it drawn. I dispatched, therefore, a servant into Wapping, to bring, in haste, the best toothdrawer he could find. He soon found out a female of great eminence in the art; but when he brought her to the boat, at the water-side, they were informed that the ship was gone; for, indeed, she had set out a few minutes after his quitting her; nor did the pilot,

who well knew the errand on which I had sent my servant, think fit to wait a moment for his return, or to give me any notice of his setting out.

But of all the petty bashaws, or turbulent tyrants I ever beheld, this sour-faced pilot was the worst tempered ; for, during the time that he had the guidance of the ship, which was till we arrived in the Downs, he complied with no one's desires, nor did he give a civil word, or, indeed, a civil look to any on board.

The toothdrawer, who, as I said before, was one of great eminence among her neighbours, refused to follow the ship ; so that my man made himself the best of his way, and, with some difficulty, came up with us before we were got under full sail ; for, after that, as we had both wind and tide with us, he would have found it impossible to overtake the ship, till she was come to an anchor at Gravesend.

The morning was fair and bright, and we had a passage thither, I think, as pleasant as can be conceiv'd ; for, take it with all its advantages, particularly the number of fine ships you are always sure of seeing by the way, there is nothing to

equal it in all the rivers of the world. The yards of Deptford and of Woolwich are noble sights; and give us a just idea of the great perfection to which we are arrived in building those floating castles, and the figure which we may always make in Europe among the other maritime powers. That of Woolwich, at least, very strongly imprinted this idea on my mind; for, there was now on the stocks there the Royal Anne, supposed to be the largest ship ever built, and which contains ten carriage guns more than had ever yet equipped a first rate.

It is true, perhaps, that there is more of ostentation than of real utility, in ships of this vast and unwieldy burthen, which are rarely capable of acting against an enemy; but if the building such contributes to preserve, among other nations, the notion of the British superiority in naval affairs, the expence, though very great, is well incurred, and the ostentation is laudable and truly political. Indeed I should be sorry to allow that Holland, France or Spain, possessed a vessel larger and more beautiful than the largest and most beautiful of ours; for this honour I would always administer

to the pride of our sailors, who should challenge it from all their neighbours with truth and success. And sure I am, that not our honest tars alone, but every inhabitant of this island, may exult in the comparison, when he considers the king of Great-Britain as a maritime prince, in opposition to any other prince in Europe; but I am not so certain that the same idea of superiority will result from comparing our land-forces with those of many other crowned heads. In numbers, they all far exceed us, and in the goodness and splendor of their troops, many nations, particularly the Germans and French, and perhaps the Dutch, cast us at a distance; for however we may flatter ourselves with the Edwards and Henrys of former ages, the change of the whole art of war since those days, by which the advantage of personal strength is, in a manner, entirely lost, hath produced a change in military affairs to the advantage of our enemies. As for our successes in later days, if they were not entirely owing to the superior genius of our general, they were not a little due to the superior force of his money. Indeed, if we should arraign marshal Saxe of

ostentation, when he shewed his army, drawn up, to our captive general, the day after the battle of La Val, we cannot say that the ostentation was entirely vain; since he certainly shewed him an army, which had not been often equalled, either in the number or goodness of the troops, and which, in those respects, so far exceeded ours, that none can ever cast any reflection on the brave young prince who could not reap the laurels of conquest in that day; but his retreat will be always mentioned as an addition to his glory.

In our marine the case is entirely the reverse, and it must be our own fault if it doth not continue so; for, continue so it will, as long as the flourishing state of our trade shall support it; and this support it can never want, till our legislature shall cease to give sufficient attention to the protection of our trade, and our magistrates want sufficient power, ability, and honesty to execute the laws: a circumstance not to be apprehended, as it cannot happen, till our senates and our benches shall be filled with the blindest ignorance, or with the blackest corruption.

Besides the ships in the docks, we saw many on the water: the yachts are sights of great parade, and the king's body yacht is, I believe, unequalled in any country, for convenience as well as magnificence; both which are consulted in building and equipping her with the most exquisite art and workmanship.

We saw likewise several Indiamen just returned from their voyage. These are, I believe, the largest and finest vessels which are any where employed in commercial affairs. The colliers, likewise, which are very numerous, and even assemble in fleets, are ships of great bulk; and, if we descend to those used in the American, African, and European trades, and pass through those which visit our own coasts, to the small craft that ly between Chatham and the Tower, the whole forms a most pleasing object to the eye, as well as highly warming to the heart of an Englishman, who has any degree of love for his country, or can recognize any effect of the patriot in his constitution.

Lastly, the Royal Hospital of Greenwich, which presents so delightful a front to the water, and doth such honour at

once to its builder and the nation, to the great skill and ingenuity of the one, and to the no less sensible gratitude of the other, very properly closes the account of this scene; which may well appear romantic to those who have not themselves seen, that, in this one instance, truth and reality are capable, perhaps, of exceeding the power of fiction.

When we had past by Greenwich, we saw only two or three gentlemens houses, all of very moderate account, till we reached Gravesend; these are all on the Kentish shore, which affords a much drier, wholsomer and pleasanter situation, than doth that of its opposite, Essex. This circumstance, I own, is somewhat surprising to me, when I reflect on the numerous villas that crowd the river, from Chelsea upwards as far as Shepperton, where the narrower channel affords not half so noble a prospect, and where the continual succession of the small craft, like the frequent repetition of all things, which have nothing in them great, beautiful, or admirable, tire the eye, and give us distaste and aversion instead of pleasure. With some of these situations, such as Barnes, Mortlake, &c.

even the shore of Essex might contend, not upon very unequal terms; but, on the Kentish borders, there are many spots to be chosen by the builder, which might justly claim the preference over almost the very finest of those in Middlesex and Surry.

How shall we account for this depravity in taste? for, surely, there are none so very mean and contemptible, as to bring the pleasure of seeing a number of little wherries, gliding along after one another, in competition with what we enjoy, in viewing a succession of ships, with all their sails expanded to the winds, bounding over the waves before us.

And here I cannot pass by another observation on the deplorable want of taste in our enjoyments, which we shew by almost totally neglecting the pursuit of what seems to me the highest degree of amusement: this is, the sailing ourselves in little vessels of our own, contrived only for our ease and accommodation, to which such situations of our villas, as I have recommended, would be so convenient and even necessary.

This amusement, I confess, if enjoyed in any perfection, would be of the ex-

pensive kind; but such expence would not exceed the reach of a moderate fortune, and would fall very short of the prices which are daily paid for pleasures of a far inferior rate. The truth, I believe, is, that sailing in the manner I have just mentioned, is a pleasure rather unknown, or unthought of, than rejected by those who have experienced it; unless, perhaps, the apprehension of danger, or sea-sickness, may be supposed, by the timorous and delicate, to make too large deductions; insisting, that all their enjoyments shall come to them pure and unmixed, and being ever ready to cry out,

"Nocet emptâ dolore voluptas."

This, however, was my present case; for the ease and lightness which I felt from my tapping, the gaiety of the morning, the pleasant sailing with wind and tide, and the many agreeable objects with which I was constantly entertained during the whole way, were all suppressed and overcome by the single consideration of my wife's pain, which continued incessantly to torment her till we came to an anchor, when I dispatched a

messenger in great haste, for the best reputed operator in Gravesend. A surgeon of some eminence now appeared, who did not decline tooth-drawing, tho' he certainly would have been offended with the appellation of tooth-drawer, no less than his brethren, the members of that venerable body, would be with that of barber, since the late separation between those long united companies, by which, if the surgeons have gained much, the barbers are supposed to have lost very little.

This able and careful person (for so I sincerely believe he is) after examining the guilty tooth, declared, that it was such a rotten shell, and so placed at the very remotest end of the upper jaw, where it was, in a manner, covered and secured by a large, fine, firm tooth, that he despaired of his power of drawing it.

He said, indeed, more to my wife, and used more rhetoric to dissuade her from having it drawn, than is generally employed to persuade young ladies, to prefer a pain of three moments to one of three months continuance; especially, if those young ladies happen to be past forty or fifty years of age, when, by sub-

mitting to support a racking torment, the only good circumstance attending which is, 'tis so short, that scarce one in a thousand can cry out, I feel it, they are to do a violence to their charms, and lose one of those beautiful holders, with which alone Sir Courtly Nice declares, a lady can ever lay hold of his heart.

He said at last so much, and seemed to reason so justly, that I came over to his side, and assisted him in prevailing on my wife (for it was no easy matter) to resolve on keeping her tooth a little longer, and to apply to palliatives only for relief. These were opium applied to the tooth, and blisters behind the ears.

Whilst we were at dinner this day, in the cabin, on a sudden the window on one side was beat into the room, with a crash, as if a twenty-pounder had been discharged among us. We were all alarmed at the suddenness of the accident, for which, however, we were soon able to account: for the sash, which was shivered all to pieces, was pursued into the middle of the cabin by the bowsprit of a little ship, called a cod-smack, the master of which made us amends for running (carelesly at best) against us,

and injuring the ship, in the sea way; that is to say, by damning us all to hell, and uttering several pious wishes that it had done us much more mischief. All which were answered in their own kind and phrase by our men; between whom, and the other crew, a dialogue of oaths and scurrility was carried on, as long as they continued in each other's hearing.

It is difficult, I think, to assign a satisfactory reason why sailors in general should, of all others, think themselves entirely discharged from the common bands of humanity, and should seem to glory in the language and behaviour of savages? They see more of the world, and have, most of them, a more erudite education, than is the portion of land men of their degree. Nor do I believe that in any country they visit (Holland itself not excepted) they can ever find a parallel to what daily passes on the river Thames. Is it that they think true courage (for they are the bravest fellows upon earth) inconsistent with all the gentleness of a humane carriage, and that the contempt of civil order springs up in minds but little cultivated at the same time, and from the same principles,

with the contempt of danger and death? Is it ——? In short, it is so; and how it comes to be so, I leave to form a question in the Robin Hood society, or to be propounded for solution among the ænigmas in the Woman's Almanack for the next year.

Monday, July 1. This day Mr. Welch took his leave of me after dinner, as did a young lady of her sister, who was proceeding with my wife to Lisbon. They both set out together in a post-chaise for London

Soon after their departure, our cabin, where my wife and I were sitting together, was visited by two ruffians, whose appearance greatly corresponded with that of the sheriff's, or rather the knight marshal's bailiffs. One of these, especially, who seemed to affect a more than ordinary degree of rudeness and insolence, came in without any kind of ceremony, with a broad gold lace on his hat, which was cocked with much military fierceness on his head. An inkhorn at his button-hole, and some papers in his hand, sufficiently assured me what he was, and I asked him if he and his companion were not custom-house officers;

he answered with sufficient dignity, that they were, as an information which he seemed to conclude would strike the hearer with awe, and suppress all further inquiry; but, on the contrary I proceeded to ask of what rank he was in the Custom-house, and receiving an answer from his companion, as I remember, that the gentleman was a riding surveyor; I replied that he might be a riding surveyor, but could be no gentleman, for that none who had any title to that denomination, would break into the presence of a lady, without any apology, or even moving his hat. He then took his covering from his head, and laid it on the table, saying, he asked pardon, and blamed the mate, who should, he said, have informed him if any persons of distinction were below. I told him, he might guess by our appearance (which, perhaps, was rather more than could be said with the strictest adherence to truth) that he was before a gentleman and lady, which should teach him to be very civil in his behaviour, tho' we should not happen to be of that number whom the world calls people of fashion and distinction. However, I said, that as he seemed sensible of his error,

and had asked pardon, the lady would permit him to put his hat on again, if he chose it. This he refused with some degree of surliness, and failed not to convince me that, if I should condescend to become more gentle, he would soon grow more rude.

I now renewed a reflection, which I have often seen occasion to make, that there is nothing so incongruous in nature as any kind of power, with lowness of mind and of ability; and that there is nothing more deplorable than the want of truth in the whimsical notion of Plato; who tells us that "Saturn, well knowing the state of human affairs, gave us kings and rulers, not of human, but divine original: for as we make not shepherds of sheep, nor oxherds of oxen, nor goatherds of goats; but place some of our own kind over all, as being better and fitter to govern them: in the same manner, were demons by the Divine Love, set over us, as a race of beings of a superior order to men; and who with great ease to themselves, might regulate our affairs, and establish peace, modesty, freedom and justice; and, totally destroying all sedition, might complete the

happiness of the human race. So far, at least, may even now be said with truth, that in all states which are under the government of mere man, without any divine assistance, there is nothing but labour and misery to be found. From what I have said, therefore, we may at least learn, with our utmost endeavours to imitate the Saturnian institution; borrowing all assistance from our immortal part, while we pay to this the strictest obedience, we should form both our private œconomy, and public policy, from its dictates. By this dispensation of our immortal minds, we are to establish a law, and to call it by that name. But if any government be in the hands of a single person, of the few, or of the many; and such governor or governors shall abandon himself or themselves to the unbridled pursuit of the wildest pleasures or desires, unable to restrain any passion, but possessed with an insatiable bad disease; if such shall attempt to govern, and at the same time to trample on all laws, there can be no means of preservation left for the wretched people." *Plato de Leg. lib.* 4. *p.* 713. *c.* 714. *edit. Serrani.*

It is true that Plato is here treating

of the highest or sovereign power in a state; but it is as true, that his observations are general, and may be applied to all inferior powers: and, indeed, every subordinate degree is immediately derived from the highest; and as it is equally protected by the same force, and sanctified by the same authority, is alike dangerous to the well-being of the subject.

Of all powers, perhaps, there is none so sanctified and protected, as this which is under our present consideration. So numerous, indeed, and strong are the sanctions given to it by many acts of parliament, that having once established the laws of customs on merchandize, it seems to have been the sole view of the legislature to strengthen the hands, and to protect the persons of the officers, who became established by those laws; many of whom are so far from bearing any resemblance to the Saturnian institution, and to be chosen from a degree of beings superior to the rest of human race, that they sometimes seem industriously picked out of the lowest and vilest orders of mankind.

There is, indeed, nothing so useful to man in general, nor so beneficial to par-

ticular societies and individuals, as trade. This is that *alma mater*, at whose plentiful breast all mankind are nourished. It is true, like other parents, she is not always equally indulgent to all her children ; but tho' she gives to her favourites a vast proportion of redundancy and superfluity, there are very few whom she refuses to supply with the conveniencies, and none with the necessaries of life.

Such a benefactress as this must naturally be beloved by mankind in general; it would be wonderful, therefore, if her interest was not considered by them, and protected from the fraud and violence of some of her rebellious offspring, who coveting more than their share, or more than she thinks proper to allow them, are daily employed in meditating mischief against her, and in endeavouring to steal from their brethren those shares which this great *alma mater* had allowed them.

At length our Governor came on board, and about six in the evening we weighed anchor, and fell down to the Nore, whither our passage was extremely pleasant, the evening being very delightful, the moon just past the full, and both wind and tide favourable to us.

Tuesday, July 2. This morning we again set sail, under all the advantages we had enjoy'd the evening before: this day we left the shore of Essex, and coasted along Kent, passing by the pleasant island of Thanet, which is an island, and that of Sheppey, which is not an island; and about three o'clock, the wind being now full in our teeth, we came to an anchor in the Downs, within two miles of Deal. My wife, having suffered intolerable pain from her tooth, again renewed her resolution of having it drawn, and another surgeon was sent for from Deal, but with no better success than the former. He likewise declined the operation, for the same reason which had been assigned by the former: however, such was her resolution, backed with pain, that he was obliged to make the attempt, which concluded more in honour of his judgment, than of his operation; for after having put my poor wife to inexpressible torment, he was obliged to leave her tooth *in statu quo;* and she had now the comfortable prospect of a long fit of pain, which might have lasted her her whole voyage, without any possibility of relief.

In these pleasing sensations, of which I had my just share, nature, overcome with fatigue, about eight in the evening resign'd her to rest; a circumstance which would have given me some happiness, could I have known how to employ those spirits which were raised by it: but unfortunately for me, I was left in a disposition of enjoying an agreeable hour, without the assistance of a companion, which has always appeared to me necessary to such enjoyment; my daughter and her companion were both retired sea-sick to bed; the other passengers were a rude schoolboy of fourteen years old, and an illiterate Portuguese friar, who understood no language but his own, in which I had not the least smattering. The captain was the only person left, in whose conversation I might indulge myself; but unluckily for me, besides his knowledge being chiefly confined to his profession, he had the misfortune of being so deaf, that to make him hear my words, I must run the risque of conveying them to the ears of my wife, who, tho' in another room (called, I think, the state-room; being indeed a most stately apartment capable

of containing one human body in length, if not very tall, and three bodies in breadth) lay asleep within a yard of me. In this situation necessity and choice were one and the same thing; the captain and I sat down together to a small bowl of punch, over which we both soon fell fast asleep, and so concluded the evening.

Wednesday, July 3. This morning I awaked at four o'clock, for my distemper seldom suffered me to sleep later. I presently got up, and had the pleasure of enjoying the sight of what I thought a tempestuous sea for four hours before the captain was stirring; for he loved to indulge himself in morning slumbers, which were attended with a wind music, much more agreeable to the performers than to the hearers, especially such as have, as I had, the privilege of sitting in the orchestra. At eight o'clock the captain rose, and sent his boat on shore. I ordered my man likewise to go in it, as my distemper was not of that kind which entirely deprives us of appetite. Now tho' the captain had well victualled his ship with all manner of salt provisions for the voyage, and had added great quantities of fresh

stores, particularly of vegetables, at Gravesend, such as beans and peas, which had been on board only two days, and had, possibly, not been gathered above two more, I apprehended I could provide better for myself at Deal, than the ship's ordinary seemed to promise. I accordingly sent for fresh provisions of all kinds from the shore, in order to put off the evil day of starving as long as possible. My man returned with most of the articles I sent for, and I now thought myself in a condition of living a week on my own provisions. I therefore ordered my own dinner, which I wanted nothing but a cook to dress, and a proper fire to dress it at; but those were not to be had, nor, indeed, any addition to my roast mutton, except the pleasure of the captain's company, with that of the other passengers; for my wife continued the whole day in a state of dozing; and my other females, whose sickness did not abate by the rolling of the ship at anchor, seemed more inclined to empty their stomachs than to fill them. Thus I pass'd the whole day (except about an hour at dinner) by myself, and the evening concluded with the captain, as the pre-

ceding one had done: one comfortable piece of news he communicated to me, which was, that he had no doubt of a prosperous wind in the morning; but as he did not divulge the reasons of this confidence, and as I saw none myself, besides the wind being directly opposite, my faith in this prophecy was not strong enough to build any great hopes upon.

Thursday, July 4. This morning, however, the captain seem'd resolved to fulfil his own predictions, whether the wind would or no; he accordingly weighed anchor, and taking the advantage of the tide, when the wind was not very boisterous, he hoisted his sails, and, as if his power had been no less absolute over Eolus than it was over Neptune, he forced the wind to blow him on in its own despight.

But as all men who have ever been at sea well know how weak such attempts are, and want no authorities of Scripture to prove, that the most absolute power of a captain of a ship is very contemptible in the wind's eye, so did it befal our noble commander; who having struggled with the wind three or four hours, was

obliged to give over, and lost, in a few minutes, all that he had been so long a gaining; in short, we returned to our former station, and once more cast anchor in the neighbourhood of Deal.

Here, though we lay near the shore, that we might promise ourselves all the emolument which could be derived from it, we found ourselves deceived, and that we might with as much conveniency be out of the sight of land; for, except when the captain launch'd forth his own boat, which he did always with great reluctance, we were incapable of procuring any thing from Deal, but at a price too exorbitant, and beyond the reach even of modern luxury; the fare of a boat from Deal, which lay at two miles distance, being at least three half crowns, and if we had been in any distress for it, as many half guineas; for these good people consider the sea as a large common, appendant to their manor, in which when they find any of their fellow creatures impounded, they conclude, that they have a full right of making them pay at their own discretion for their deliverance: to say the truth, whether it be that men, who live on the sea-shore,

are of an amphibious kind, and do not entirely partake of human nature, or whatever else may be the reason, they are so far from taking any share in the distresses of mankind, or of being moved with any compassion for them, that they look upon them as blessings shower'd down from above; and which the more they improve to their own use, the greater is their gratitude and piety. Thus at Gravesend, a sculler requires a shilling for going less way than he would row in London for three-pence; and, at Deal, a boat often brings more profit in a day, than it can produce in London in a week, or, perhaps, in a month: in both places, the owner of the boat founds his demand on the necessity and distress of one, who stands more or less in absolute want of his assistance; and with the urgency of these, always rises in the exorbitancy of his demand, without ever considering, that, from these very circumstances, the power or ease of gratifying such demand is in like proportion lessened. Now, as I am unwilling that some conclusions, which may be, I am aware, too justly drawn from these observations, should be imputed to human

nature in general, I have endeavoured to account for them in a way more consistent with the goodness and dignity of that nature: however it be, it seems a little to reflect on the governors of such monsters, that they do not take some means to restrain these impositions, and prevent them from triumphing any longer in the miseries of those, who are, in many circumstances at least, their fellow-creatures, and considering the distresses of a wretched seaman, from his being wrecked to his being barely wind-bound, as a blessing sent among them from above, and calling it by that blasphemous name.

Friday, July 5. This day I sent a servant on board a man of war, that was stationed here, with my compliments to the captain, to represent to him the distress of the ladies, and to desire the favour of his long-boat to conduct us to Dover, at about seven miles distance; and, at the same time, presumed to make use of a great lady's name, who would, I told him, be pleased with any kindness shewn by him towards us in our miserable condition. And this I am convinced was true, from the humanity

of the lady, though she was entirely unknown to me.

The captain returned a verbal answer to a long letter; acquainting me, that what I desired could not be complied with, it being a favour not in his power to grant. This might be, and I suppose was true; but it is as true, that if he was able to write, and had pen, ink, and paper aboard, he might have sent a written answer; and that it was the part of a gentleman so to have done; but this is a character seldom maintained on the watery element, especially by those who exercise any power on it. Every commander of a vessel here seems to think himself entirely free from all those rules of decency and civility, which direct and restrain the conduct of the members of a society on shore; and each, claiming absolute dominion in his little wooden world, rules by his own laws and his own discretion. I do not, indeed, know so pregnant an instance of the dangerous consequences of absolute power, and its aptness to intoxicate the mind, as that of those petty tyrants, who become such in a moment, from very well-disposed and social members of that

communion, in which they affect no superiority, but live in an orderly state of legal subjection with their fellow-citizens.

Saturday, July 6. This morning our commander, declaring he was of opinion that the wind would change, he took the advantage of an ebbing tide, and weighed his anchor. His hopes, however, had the same completion, and his endeavours the same success, with his former trial; and he was soon obliged to return once more to his old quarters. Just before we let go our anchor, a small sloop, rather than submit to yield us an inch of way, ran foul of our ship, and carried off her bowsprit. This obstinate frolic would have cost those aboard the sloop very dear, if our steersman had not been too generous to exert his superiority, the certain consequence of which would have been the immediate sinking of the other. This contention of the inferior, with a might capable of crushing it in an instant, may seem to argue no small share of folly or madness, as well as of impudence; but I am convinced there is very little danger in it: contempt is a port to which the pride of man submits to fly with reluctance, but those who are within it are

always in a place of the most assured security; for whosoever throws away his sword, prefers, indeed, a less honourable, but much safer means of avoiding danger, than he who defends himself with it. And here we shall offer another distinction, of the truth of which much reading and experience have well convinced us, that as in the most absolute governments, there is a regular progression of slavery downwards, from the top to the bottom, the mischief of which is seldom felt with any great force and bitterness, but by the next immediate degree; so in the most dissolute and anarchical states, there is as regular an ascent of what is called rank or condition, which is always laying hold of the head of him who is advanced but one step higher on the ladder, who might, if he did not too much despise such efforts, kick his pursuer headlong to the bottom. We will conclude this digression with one general and short observation, which will, perhaps, set the whole matter in a clearer light than the longest and most laboured harangue. Whereas envy of all things most exposes us to danger from others; so, contempt of all things best secures us

from them. And thus, while the dung-cart and the sloop are always meditating mischief against the coach and the ship, and throwing themselves designedly in their way, the latter consider only their own security, and are not ashamed to break the road, and let the other pass by them.

Monday, July 8. Having past our Sunday without any thing remarkable, unless the catching a great number of whitings in the afternoon may be thought so; we now set sail on Monday at six o'clock, with a little variation of wind; but this was so very little, and the breeze itself so small, that the tide was our best, and, indeed, almost our only friend. This conducted us along the short remainder of the Kentish shore. Here we past that cliff of Dover, which makes so tremendous a figure in Shakespear, and which whoever reads without being giddy, must, according to Mr. Addison's observation, have either a very good head, or a very bad one; but which whoever contracts any such ideas from the sight of, must have, at least, a poetic, if not a Shakespearian genius. In truth, mountains, rivers, heroes, and gods, owe great

part of their existence to the poets; and Greece and Italy do so plentifully abound in the former, because they furnished so glorious a number of the latter; who, while they bestowed immortality on every little hillock and blind stream, left the noblest rivers and mountains in the world to share the same obscurity with the eastern and western poets, in which they are celebrated.

This evening we beat the sea off Sussex, in sight of Dungeness, with much more pleasure than progress; for the weather was almost a perfect calm, and the moon, which was almost at the full, scarce suffered a single cloud to veil her from our sight.

Tuesday, Wednesday, July 9, 10. These two days we had much the same fine weather, and made much the same way; but, in the evening of the latter day, a pretty fresh gale sprung up, at N.N.W. which brought us by the morning in sight of the Isle of Wight.

Thursday, July 11. This gale continued till towards noon; when the east end of the island bore but little a-head of us. The captain, being unwilling to come to anchor, declared he would keep

the sea; but the wind got the better of him, so that about three he gave up the victory, and, making a sudden tack, stood in for the shore, passed by Spithead and Portsmouth, and came to an anchor at a place called Ryde on the island; as did a great number of merchant ships, who attended our commodore from the Downs, and watched his motions so narrowly, that they seemed to think themselves unsafe when they did not regulate their motions by his.

A most tragical incident fell out this day at sea. While the ship was under sail, but making, as will appear, no great way, a kitten, one of four of the feline inhabitants of the cabin, fell from the window into the water: an alarm was immediately given to the captain, who was then upon deck, and received it with the utmost concern. He immediately gave orders to the steersman in favour of the poor thing, as he called it; the sails were instantly slackened, and all hands, as the phrase is, employed to recover the poor animal. I was, I own, extremely surprised at all this; less, indeed, at the captain's extreme tenderness, than at his conceiving any possi-

bility of success; for, if puss had had nine thousand, instead of nine lives, I concluded they had been all lost. The boatswain, however, had more sanguine hopes; for, having stript himself of his jacket, breeches, and shirt, he leapt boldly into the water, and, to my great astonishment, in a few minutes, returned to the ship, bearing the motionless animal in his mouth. Nor was this, I observed, a matter of such great difficulty as it appeared to my ignorance, and possibly may seem to that of my fresh-water reader: the kitten was now exposed to air and sun on the deck, where its life, of which it retained no symptoms, was despaired of by all.

The captain's humanity, if I may so call it, did not so totally destroy his philosophy, as to make him yield himself up to affliction on this melancholy occasion. Having felt his loss like a man, he resolved to shew he could bear it like one; and, having declared, he had rather have lost a cask of rum or brandy, betook himself to threshing at backgammon with the Portuguese friar, in which innocent amusement they passed their leisure hours.

But as I have, perhaps, a little too wantonly endeavoured to raise the tender passions of my readers, in this narrative, I should think myself unpardonable if I concluded it, without giving them the satisfaction of hearing that the kitten at last recovered, to the great joy of the good captain; but to the great disappointment of some of the sailors, who asserted, that the drowning a cat was the very surest way of raising a favourable wind: a supposition of which, though we have heard several plausible accounts, we will not presume to assign the true original reason.

Friday, July 12. This day our ladies went a-shore at Ryde, and drank their afternoon tea at an alehouse there with great satisfaction: here they were regaled with fresh cream, to which they had been strangers since they left the Downs.

Saturday, July 13. The wind seeming likely to continue in the same corner, where it had been almost constantly for two months together, I was persuaded by my wife to go ashore, and stay at Ryde till we sailed. I approved the motion much; for, though I am a great

lover of the sea, I now fancied there was more pleasure in breathing the fresh air of the land ; but, how to get thither was the question : for, being really that dead luggage which I considered all passengers to be in the beginning of this narrative, and incapable of any bodily motion without external impulse, it was in vain to leave the ship, or to determine to do it, without the assistance of others. In one instance, perhaps, the living luggage is more difficult to be moved, or removed, than an equal or much superior weight of dead matter ; which, if of the brittle kind, may indeed be liable to be broken through negligence ; but this, by proper care, may be almost certainly prevented ; whereas the fractures to which the living lumps are exposed, are sometimes by no caution avoidable, and often by no art to be amended.

I was deliberating on the means of conveyance, not so much out of the ship to the boat, as out of a little tottering boat to the land. A matter which, as I had already experienced in the Thames, was not extremely easy, when to be performed by any other limbs than your own. Whilst I weighed all that could

suggest itself on this head, without strictly examining the merit of the several schemes which were advanced by the captain and sailors, and, indeed, giving no very deep attention even to my wife, who, as well as her friend and my daughter, were exerting their tender concern for my ease and safety; fortune, for I am convinced she had a hand in it, sent me a present of a buck; a present welcome enough of itself, but more welcome on account of the vessel in which it came, being a large hoy, which in some places would pass for a ship, and many people would go some miles to see the sight. I was pretty easily conveyed on board this hoy, but to get from hence to the shore was not so easy a task; for, however strange it may appear, the water itself did not extend so far; an instance which seems to explain those lines of Ovid,

"Omnia Pontus erant, deerant quoque littora Ponto,"

in a less tautological sense, than hath generally been imputed to them.

In fact, between the sea and the shore, there was, at low water, an impassable

gulph, if I may so call it, of deep mud, which could neither be traversed by walking nor swimming, so that for near one half of the twenty-four hours, Ryde was inaccessible by friend or foe. But as the magistrates of this place seemed more to desire the company of the former, than to fear that of the latter, they had begun to make a small causeway to the low water mark, so that foot passengers might land whenever they pleased; but as this work was of a public kind, and would have cost a large sum of money, at least ten pounds, and the magistrates, that is to say, the churchwardens, the overseers, constable and tithingman, and the principal inhabitants, had every one of them some separate scheme of private interest to advance at the expence of the public, they fell out among themselves; and after having thrown away one half of the requisite sum, resolved, at least, to save the other half, and rather be contented to sit down losers themselves, than to enjoy any benefit which might bring in a greater profit to another. Thus that unanimity, which is so necessary in all public affairs, became wanting, and every man, from the

fear of being a bubble to another, was, in reality, a bubble to himself.

However, as there is scarce any difficulty, to which the strength of men, assisted with the cunning of art, is not equal, I was at last hoisted into a small boat, and being rowed pretty near the shore, was taken up by two sailors, who waded with me through the mud, and placed me in a chair on the land, whence they afterwards conveyed me a quarter of a mile farther, and brought me to a house, which seemed to bid the fairest for hospitality of any in Ryde.

We brought with us our provisions from the ship, so that we wanted nothing but a fire to dress our dinner, and a room in which we might eat it. In neither of these had we any reason to apprehend a disappointment, our dinner consisting only of beans and bacon, and the worst apartment in his majesty's dominions being fully sufficient to answer our present ideas of delicacy.

Unluckily, however, we were disappointed in both; for when we arrived about four at our inn, exulting in the hopes of immediately seeing our beans smoking on the table, we had the morti-

fication of seeing them on the table indeed, but without that circumstance which would have made the sight agreeable, being in the same state in which we had dispatched them from our ship.

In excuse for this delay, tho' we had exceeded, almost purposely, the time appointed, and our provision had arrived three hours before, the mistress of the house acquainted us, that it was not for want of time to dress them that they were not ready, but for fear of their being cold or over-done before we should come; which she assured us was much worse than waiting a few minutes for our dinner. An observation so very just, that it is impossible to find any objection in it; but indeed it was not altogether so proper at this time: for we had given the most absolute orders to have them ready at four, and had been ourselves, not without much care and difficulty, most exactly punctual in keeping to the very minute of our appointment. But tradesmen, inn-keepers, and servants never care to indulge us in matters contrary to our true interest, which they always know better than ourselves, nor can any bribes corrupt them to go out

of their way, whilst they are consulting our good in our own despight.

Our disappointment in the other particular, in defiance of our humility, as it was more extraordinary, was more provoking. In short, Mrs. Humphrys no sooner received the news of our intended arrival, than she considered more the gentility than the humanity of her guests, and applied herself not to that which kindles, but to that which extinguishes fire, and forgetting to put on her pot, fell to washing her house.

As the messenger who had brought my venison was impatient to be dispatched, I ordered it to be brought and laid on the table, in the room where I was seated; and the table not being large enough, one side, and that a very bloody one, was laid on the brick floor. I then ordered Mrs. Humphrys to be called in, in order to give her instructions concerning it; in particular, what I would have roasted, and what baked; concluding that she would be highly pleased with the prospect of so much money being spent in her house, as she might have now reason to expect, if the wind continued only a few days longer to blow from the same

points whence it had blown for several weeks past.

I soon saw good cause, I must confess, to despise my own sagacity. Mrs. Humphrys having received her orders, without making any answer, snatched the side from the floor, which remained stained with blood, and bidding a servant take up that on the table, left the room with no pleasant countenance, muttering to herself, that had she known the litter which was to have been made, she would not have taken such pains to wash her house that morning. "If this was gentility, much good may it do such gentlefolks, for her part she had no notion of it!"

From these murmurs I received two hints. The one, that it was not from a mistake of our inclination that the good woman had starved us, but from wisely consulting her own dignity, or rather, perhaps, her vanity, to which our hunger was offered up as a sacrifice. The other, that I was now sitting in a damp room; a circumstance, which, tho' it had hitherto escaped my notice, from the colour of the bricks, was by no means to be neglected in a valetudinary state.

My wife, who, besides discharging excellently well her own, and all the tender offices becoming the female character; who besides being a faithful friend, an amiable companion, and a tender nurse, could likewise supply the wants of a decrepit husband, and occasionally perform his part, had, before this, discovered the immoderate attention to neatness in Mrs. Humphrys, and provided against its ill consequences. She had found, tho' not under the same roof, a very snug apartment belonging to Mr. Humphrys, and which had escaped the mop, by his wife's being satisfied it could not possibly be visited by gentlefolks.

This was a dry, warm, oaken floored barn, lined on both sides with wheaten straw, and opening at one end into a green field, and a beautiful prospect. Here, without hesitation, she ordered the cloth to be laid, and came hastily to snatch me from worse perils by water than the common dangers of the sea.

Mrs. Humphrys, who could not trust her own ears, or could not believe a footman in so extraordinary a phænomenon, followed my wife, and asked her if she had indeed ordered the cloth to be laid in

the barn: she answered in the affirmative; upon which Mrs. Humphrys declared she would not dispute her pleasure, but it was the first time, she believed, that quality had ever preferred a barn to a house. She shewed at the same time the most pregnant marks of contempt, and again lamented the labour she had undergone, through her ignorance of the absurd taste of her guests.

At length we were seated in one of the most pleasant spots, I believe, in the kingdom, and were regaled with our beans and bacon, in which there was nothing deficient but the quantity. This defect was, however, so deplorable, that we had consumed our whole dish, before we had visibly lessened our hunger. We now waited with impatience the arrival of our second course, which necessity and not luxury had dictated. This was a joint of mutton, which Mrs. Humphrys had been ordered to provide; but when, being tired with expectation, we ordered our servants *to see for something else*, we were informed that there was nothing else; on which Mrs. Humphrys being summoned, declared there was no such thing as mutton to be had at Ryde.

When I expressed some astonishment at their having no butcher in a village so situated, she answered they had a very good one, and one that killed all sorts of meat in season, beef two or three times a year, and mutton the whole year round; but that it being then beans and pease time, he killed no meat, by reason he was sure of not selling it. This she had not thought worthy of communication, any more than that there lived a fisherman at next door, who was then provided with plenty of soals, and whitings, and lobsters, far superior to those which adorn a city-feast. This discovery being made by accident, we completed the best, the pleasantest, and the merriest meal, with more appetite, more real, solid luxury, and more festivity, than was ever seen in an entertainment at White's.

It may be wondered at, perhaps, that Mrs. Humphrys should be so negligent of providing for her guests, as she may seem to be thus inattentive to her own interest: but this was not the case; for having clapt a poll-tax on our heads at our arrival, and determined at what price to discharge our bodies from her house, the less she suffered any other to share

in the levy, the clearer it came into her own pocket; and it was better to get twelve-pence in a shilling than ten-pence, which latter would be the case if she afforded us fish at any rate.

Thus we past a most agreeable day, owing to good appetites and good humour; two hearty feeders, which will devour with satisfaction whatever food you place before them: whereas, without these, the elegance of St. James's, the charde, the Perigord-pye, or the ortolan, the venison, the turtle, or the custard, may titillate the throat, but will never convey happiness to the heart, or chearfulness to the countenance.

As the wind appeared still immoveable, my wife proposed my lying on shore. I presently agreed, tho' in defiance of an act of parliament, by which persons wandering abroad, and lodging in alehouses, are decreed to be rogues and vagabonds; and this too after having been very singularly officious in putting that law in execution.

My wife having reconnoitred the house, reported, that there was one room in which were two beds. It was concluded, therefore, that she and Harriot should

occupy one, and myself take possession of the other. She added likewise an ingenious recommendation of this room, to one who had so long been in a cabin, which it exactly resembled, as it was sunk down with age on one side, and was in the form of a ship with gunnels to.

For my own part, I make little doubt but this apartment was an ancient temple, built with the materials of a wreck, and, probably, dedicated to Neptune, in honour of THE BLESSING sent by him to the inhabitants, such blessings having, in all ages, been very common to them. The timber employed in it confirms this opinion, being such as is seldom used by any but ship-builders. I do not find, indeed, any mention of this matter in Hearne; but, perhaps, its antiquity was too modern to deserve his notice. Certain it is, that this island of Wight was not an early convert to Christianity; nay, there is some reason to doubt whether it was ever entirely converted. But I have only time to touch slightly on things of this kind, which, luckily for us, we have a society whose peculiar profession it is to discuss and develope.

Sunday, July 19. This morning early I summoned Mrs. Humphrys, in order to pay her the preceding day's account. As I could recollect only two or three articles, I thought there was no necessity of pen and ink. In a single instance only we had exceeded what the law allows gratis to a foot soldier on his march, viz. vinegar, salt, &c. and dressing his meat. I found, however, I was mistaken in my calculation; for when the good woman attended with her bill, it contained as follow.

	£	s.	d.
Bread and beer . .	0	2	4
Wind	0	2	0
Rum	0	2	0
Dressing dinner . .	0	3	0
Tea	0	1	6
Firing	0	1	0
Lodging	0	1	6
Servants lodging . .	0	0	6
	£0	13	10

Now that five people, and two servants, should live a day and night at a public house for so small a sum, will appear incredible to any person in London above

the degree of a chimney-sweeper; but more astonishing will it seem, that these people should remain so long at such a house, without tasting any other delicacy than bread, small beer, a tea cup full of milk called cream, a glass of rum converted into punch by their own materials, and one bottle of *wind*, of which we only tasted a single glass, tho' possibly, indeed, our servants drank the remainder of the bottle.

This *wind* is a liquor of English manufacture, and its flavour is thought very delicious by the generality of the English, who drink it in great quantities. Every seventh year is thought to produce as much as the other six. It is then drank so plentifully, that the whole nation are in a manner intoxicated by it, and consequently very little business is carried on at that season.

It resembles in colour the red wine which is imported from Portugal, as it doth in its intoxicating quality; hence, and from this agreement in the orthography, the one is often confounded with the other, tho' both are seldom esteemed by the same person. It is to be had in every parish in the kingdom, and a pretty

large quantity is consumed in the metropolis, where several taverns are set apart solely for the vendition of this liquor, the masters never dealing in any other.

The disagreement in our computation produced some small remonstrance to Mrs. Humphrys on my side; but this received an immediate answer, "She scorned to overcharge gentlemen: her house had been always frequented by the very best gentry of the island; and she had never had a bill found fault with in her life, tho' she had lived upwards of forty years in the house, and within that time the greatest gentry in Hampshire had been at it, and that Lawyer Willis never went to any other, when he came to those parts. That for her part she did not get her livelihood by travellers, who were gone and away, and she never expected to see them more, but that her neighbours might come again; wherefore, to be sure, they had the only right to complain."

She was proceeding thus, and from her volubility of tongue seemed likely to stretch the discourse to an immoderate length, when I suddenly cut all short by paying the bill.

This morning our ladies went to church, more, I fear, from curiosity than religion; they were attended by the captain in a most military attire, with his cockade in his hat, and his sword by his side. So unusual an appearance in this little chappel drew the attention of all present, and probably disconcerted the women, who were in dishabille, and wished themselves drest, for the sake of the curate, who was the greatest of their beholders.

While I was left alone, I received a visit from Mr. Humphrys himself, who was much more considerable as a farmer, than as an innholder. Indeed he left the latter entirely to the care of his wife, and he acted wisely, I believe, in so doing.

As nothing more remarkable past on this day, I will close it with the account of these two characters, as far as a few days residence could inform me of them. If they should appear as new to the reader as they did to me, he will not be displeased at finding them here.

This amiable couple seemed to border hard on their grand climacteric; nor indeed were they shy of owning enough to fix their ages within a year or two of that

time. They appeared to be rather proud of having employed their time well, than ashamed of having lived so long; the only reason which I could ever assign, why some fine ladies, and fine gentlemen too, should desire to be thought younger than they really are by the cotemporaries of their grandchildren. Some, indeed, who too hastily credit appearances, might doubt whether they had made so good a use of their time as I would insinuate, since there was no appearance of any thing but poverty, want, and wretchedness about their house; nor could they produce any thing to a customer in exchange for his money, but a few bottles of *wind*, and spirituous liquors, and some very bad ale, to drink; with rusty bacon, and worse cheese, to eat. But then it should be considered, on the other side, that whatever they received was almost as entirely clear profit as the blessing of a wreck itself; such an inn being the very reverse of a coffee-house: for here you can neither sit for nothing, nor have any thing for your money.

Again, as many marks of want abounded every where, so were the marks of antiquity visible. Scarce any thing was to be seen

which had not some scar upon it, made by the hand of time; not an utensil, it was manifest, had been purchased within a dozen years last past; so that whatever money had come into the house during that period, at least, must have remained in it, unless it had been sent abroad for food, or other perishable commodities; but these were supplied by a small portion of the fruits of the farm, in which the farmer allowed he had a very good bargain. In fact, it is inconceivable what sums may be collected by starving only, and how easy it is for a man to die rich, if he will but be contented to live miserable.

Nor is there in this kind of starving any thing so terrible as some apprehend. It neither wastes a man's flesh, nor robs him of his chearfulness. The famous Cornaro's case well proves the contrary; and so did farmer Humphrys, who was of a round stature, had a plump round face, with a kind of smile on it, and seemed to borrow an air of wretchedness, rather from his coat's age, than from his own.

The truth is, there is a certain diet which emaciates men more than any possible degree of abstinence; tho' I do

not remember to have seen any caution against it, either in Cheney, Arbuthnot, or in any other modern writer on regimen. Nay, the very name is not, I believe, in the learned Dr. James's dictionary. All which is the more extraordinary, as it is a very common food in this kingdom.

But though it should not be found among our English physical writers, we may be assured of meeting with it among the Greeks: for nothing considerable in nature escapes their notice; though many things considerable in them, it is to be feared, have escaped the notice of their readers. The Greeks then, to all such as feed too voraciously on this diet, give the name of HEAUTOFAGI, which our physicians will, I suppose, translate men that eat themselves.

As nothing is so destructive to the body as this kind of food, so nothing is so plentiful and cheap; but it was, perhaps, the only cheap thing the farmer disliked. Probably living much on fish might produce this disgust; for Diodorus Siculus attributes the same aversion in a people of Æthiopia to the same cause: he calls them the fish-eaters; and asserts, that

they cannot be brought to eat a single meal with the Heautofagi by any persuasion, threat, or violence whatever, not even though they should kill their children before their faces.

What hath puzzled our physicians, and prevented them from setting this matter in the clearest light, is possibly one simple mistake, arising from a very excusable ignorance, that the passions of men are capable of swallowing food as well as their appetites; that the former, in feeding, resemble the state of those animals who chew the cud; and therefore such men, in some sense, may be said to prey on themselves, and as it were, to devour their own entrails. And hence ensues a meagre aspect, and thin habit of body, as surely as from what is called a consumption.

Our farmer was none of these. He had no more passion than an Ichthuofagus or Ethiopian fisher. He wished not for any thing, thought not of any thing; indeed, he scarce did any thing, or said any thing. Here I cannot be understood strictly, for then I must describe a non-entity; whereas I would rob him of nothing but that free-agency which is the cause of all the corruption, and of all the misery of human

nature. No man, indeed, ever did more than the farmer, for he was an absolute slave to labour all the week; but, in truth, as my sagacious reader must have at first apprehended, when I said, he resigned the care of the house to his wife, I meant more than I then expressed; even the house and all that belonged to it; for he was really a farmer, only under the direction of his wife. In a word, so composed, so serene, so placid a countenance I never saw; and he satisfied himself by answering to every question he was asked; "I don't know any thing about it, sir, I leaves all that to my wife."

Now as a couple of this kind would, like two vessels of oil, have made no composition in life, and for want of all savour must have palled every taste; nature or fortune, or both of them, took care to provide a proper quantity of acid, in the materials that formed the wife, and to render her a perfect *Helpmate* for so tranquil a husband. She abounded in whatsoever he was defective; that is to say, in almost every thing. She was, indeed, as vinegar to oil, or a brisk wind to a standing-pool, and preserved all from stagnation and corruption.

Quin the player, on taking a nice and severe survey of a fellow-comedian, burst forth into this exclamation, "If that fellow be not a rogue, the Creator doth not write a legible hand." Whether he guessed right or no, is not worth my while to examine. Certain it is, that the latter, having wrought his features into a proper harmony to become the characters of Iago, Shylock, and others of the same cast, gave a semblance of truth to the observation, that was sufficient to confirm the wit of it. Indeed, we may remark, in favour of the physiognomist, though the law hath made him a rogue and vagabond, that nature is seldom curious in her works within, without employing some little pains on the outside; and this more particularly in mischievous characters, in forming which, as Mr. Derham observes, in venomous insects, as the sting or saw of a wasp, she is sometimes wonderfully industrious. Now, when she hath thus completely armed her hero, to carry on a war with man, she never fails of furnishing that innocent lambkin with some means of knowing his enemy, and foreseeing his designs. Thus she hath been observed

to act in the case of a rattle-snake, which never meditates a human prey without giving warning of his approach.

This observation will, I am convinced, hold most true, if applied to the most venomous individuals of human insects. A tyrant, a trickster, and a bully, generally wear the marks of their several dispositions in their countenances; so do the vixen, the shrew, the scold, and all other females of the like kind. But, perhaps, nature had never afforded a stronger example of all this, than in the case of Mrs. Humphrys. She was a short, squat woman; her head was closely joined to her shoulders, where it was fixed somewhat awry; every feature of her countenance was sharp and pointed; her face was furrowed with the small-pox; and her complexion, which seemed to be able to turn milk to curds, not a little resembled in colour such milk as had already undergone that operation. She appeared indeed to have many symptoms of a deep jaundice in her look; but the strength and firmness of her voice over-balanced them all: the tone of this was a sharp treble at a distance; for, I seldom heard it on the same floor; but was usually waked

with it in the morning, and entertained with it almost continually through the whole day.

Though vocal be usually put in opposition to instrumental music, I question whether this might not be thought to partake of the nature of both; for she played on two instruments, which she seemed to keep for no other use from morning till night; these were two maids, or rather scolding-stocks, who, I suppose, by some means or other, earned their board, and she gave them their lodging gratis, or for no other service than to keep her lungs in constant exercise.

She differed, as I have said, in every particular from her husband; but very remarkably in this, that as it was impossible to displease him, so it was as impossible to please her; and as no art could remove a smile from his countenance, so could no art carry it into hers. If her bills were remonstrated against, she was offended with the censure of her fair-dealing; if they were not, she seemed to regard it as a tacit sarcasm on her folly, which might have set down larger prices with the same success. On this latter hint she did indeed improve;

for she daily raised some of her articles. A pennyworth of fire was to-day rated at a shilling, to-morrow at eighteenpence; and if she drest us two dishes for two shillings on Saturday, we paid half a crown for the cookery of one on the Sunday; and wherever she was paid, she never left the room without lamenting the small amount of her bill; saying, she knew not how it was that others got their money by gentlefolks, but, for her part, she had not the art of it. When she was asked why she complained, when she was paid all she demanded, she answered, she could not deny that, nor did she know she omitted any thing, but that it was but a poor bill for gentlefolks to pay.

I accounted for all this by her having heard, that it is a maxim with the principal inn-holders on the continent, to levy considerable sums on their guests, who travel with many horses and servants, though such guests should eat little or nothing in their houses; the method being, I believe, in such cases, to lay a capitation on the horses, and not on their masters. But she did not consider, that in most of these inns a very great degree

of hunger, without any degree of delicacy, may be satisfied; and that in all such inns there is some appearance, at least, of provision, as well as of a man cook to dress it, one of the hostlers being always furnished with a cook's cap, waistcoat and apron, ready to attend gentlemen and ladies on their summons; that the case therefore of such inns differed from hers, where there was nothing to eat or to drink; and in reality no house to inhabit, no chair to sit upon, nor any bed to lie in; that one third or fourth part therefore of the levy imposed at inns was, in truth, a higher tax than the whole was when laid on in the other, where, in order to raise a small sum, a man is obliged to submit to pay as many various ways for the same thing as he doth a taylor's bill, such are the articles of bread and beer, firing, eating, and dressing dinner.

The foregoing is a very imperfect sketch of this extraordinary couple; for every thing is here lowered, instead of being heightened. Those who would see them set forth in more lively colours, and with the proper ornaments, may read the descriptions of the furies in some of

the classical poets, or of the stoic philosophers in the works of Lucian.

Monday, July 20. This day nothing remarkable passed; Mrs. Humphrys levied a tax of fourteen shillings for the Sunday. We regaled ourselves at dinner with venison and good claret of our own; and, in the afternoon, the women, attended by the captain, walked to see a delightful scene two miles distant, with the beauties of which they declared themselves most highly charmed, at their return, as well as with the goodness of the lady of the mansion, who had slipt out of the way, that my wife and her company might refresh themselves with the flowers and fruits with which her garden abounded.

Tuesday, July 21. This day, having paid our taxes of yesterday, we were permitted to regale ourselves with more venison. Some of this we would willingly have exchanged for mutton; but no such flesh was to be had nearer than Portsmouth, from whence it would have cost more to convey a joint to us, than the freight of a Portugal ham from Lisbon to London amounts to: for tho' the water-carriage be somewhat cheaper here

than at Deal, yet can you find no waterman who will go on board his boat, unless by two or three hours rowing he can get drunk for the residue of the week.

And here I have an opportunity, which possibly may not offer again, of publishing some observations on that political œconomy of this nation, which, as it concerns only the regulation of the mob, is below the notice of our great men ; tho', on the due regulation of this order depend many emoluments which the great men themselves, or, at least, many who tread close on their heels, may enjoy, as well as some dangers, which may some time or other arise from introducing a pure state of anarchy among them. I will represent the case as it appears to me, very fairly and impartially, between the mob and their betters.

The whole mischief which infects this part of our œconomy, arises from the vague and uncertain use of a word called Liberty, of which, as scarce any two men with whom I have ever conversed, seem to have one and the same idea, I am inclined to doubt whether there be any simple universal notion represented by this word, or whether it conveys any

clearer or more determinate idea, than some of those old Punic compositions of syllables, preserved in one of the comedies of Plautus, but at present, as I conceive, not supposed to be understood by any one.

By liberty, however, I apprehend, is commonly understood the power of doing what we please: not absolutely; for then it would be inconsistent with law, by whose controul the liberty of the freest people, except only the Hottentots and wild Indians, must always be restrained.

But, indeed, however largely we extend, or however moderately we confine the sense of the word, no politician will, I presume, contend that it is to pervade in an equal degree, and be with the same extent enjoyed by every member of society; no such polity having been ever found, unless among those vile people just before commemorated. Among the Greeks and Romans, the servile and free conditions were opposed to each other; and no man who had the misfortune to be enrolled under the former, could lay any claim to liberty, 'till the right was conveyed to him by that master whose

slave he was, either by the means of conquest, of purchase, or of birth.

This was the state of all the free nations in the world; and this, 'till very lately, was understood to be the case of our own.

I will not indeed say this is the case at present, the lowest class of our people having shaken off all the shackles of their superiors, and become not only as free, but even freer, than most of their superiors. I believe it cannot be doubted, tho' perhaps we have no recent instance of it, that the personal attendance of every man who hath £300 *per annum*, in parliament, is indispensibly his duty; and that, if the citizens and burgesses of any city or borough shall chuse such a one, however reluctant he appear, he may be obliged to attend, and be forcibly brought to his duty by the serjeant at arms.

Again, there are numbers of subordinate offices, some of which are of burthen, and others of expence in the civil government: all of which, persons who are qualified are liable to have imposed on them, may be obliged to undertake and properly execute, notwithstanding any

bodily labour, or even danger, to which they may subject themselves, under the penalty of fines and imprisonment; nay, and what may appear somewhat hard, may be compelled to satisfy the losses which are eventually incident, to that of sheriff in particular, out of their own private fortunes; and tho' this should prove the ruin of a family, yet the public, to whom the price is due, incurs no debt or obligation to preserve its officer harmless, let his innocence appear ever so clearly.

I purposely omit the mention of those military or militiary duties, which our old constitution laid upon its greatest members. These might, indeed, supply their posts with some other able-bodied men; but, if no such could have been found, the obligation nevertheless remained, and they were compellable to serve in their own proper persons.

The only one, therefore, who is possessed of absolute liberty, is the lowest member of the society, who, if he prefers hunger or the wild product of the fields, hedges, lanes, and rivers, with the indulgence of ease and laziness, to a food a little more delicate, but purchased at the

expence of labour, may lay himself under a shade; nor can be forced to take the other alternative from that which he hath, I will not affirm whether wisely or foolishly, chosen.

Here I may, perhaps, be reminded of the last vagrant act, where all such persons are compellable to work for the usual and accustomed wages allowed in the place; but this is a clause little known to the justices of the peace, and least likely to be executed by those who do know it, as they know likewise that it is formed on the antient power of the justices to fix and settle these wages every year, making proper allowances for the scarcity and plenty of the times, the cheapness and dearness of the place; and that *the usual and accustomed wages*, are words without any force or meaning, when there are no such; but every man spunges and raps whatever he can get; and will haggle as long and struggle as hard to cheat his employer of two pence in a day's labour, as an honest tradesman will to cheat his customers of the same sum in a yard of cloth or silk.

It is a great pity then that this power, or rather this practice, was not revived;

but this having been so long omitted, that it is become obsolete, will be best done by a new law, in which this power, as well as the consequent power of forcing the poor to labour at a moderate and reasonable rate, should be well considered, and their execution facilitated: for gentlemen who give their time and labour gratis, and even voluntarily, to the public, have a right to expect that all their business be made as easy as possible; and to enact laws without doing this, is to fill our statute-books, much too full already, still fuller with dead letter, of no use but to the printer of the acts of parliament.

That the evil which I have here pointed at is of itself worth redressing, is, I apprehend, no subject of dispute: for why should any persons in distress be deprived of the assistance of their fellow-subjects, when they are willing amply to reward them for their labour? or, why should the lowest of the people be permitted to exact ten times the value of their work? For those exactions increase with the degrees of necessity in their object, insomuch that on the former side many are horribly imposed upon,

and that often in no trifling matters. I was very well assured, that at Deal no less than ten guineas was required, and paid by the supercargo of an Indiaman, for carrying him on board two miles from the shore, when she was just ready to sail; so that his necessity, as his pillager well understood, was absolute. Again, many others whose indignation will not submit to such plunder, are forced to refuse the assistance, tho' they are often great sufferers by so doing. On the latter side, the lowest of the people are encouraged in laziness and idleness; while they live by a twentieth part of the labour that ought to maintain them, which is diametrically opposite to the interest of the public; for that requires a great deal to be done, not to be paid, for a little. And moreover, they are confirm'd in habits of exaction, and are taught to consider the distresses of their superiors as their own fair emolument.

But enough of this matter, of which I at first intended only to convey a hint to those who are alone capable of applying the remedy, tho' they are the last to whom the notice of those evils would occur, without some such monitor as

myself, who am forced to travel about the world in the form of a passenger. I cannot but say I heartily wish our governors would attentively consider this method of fixing the price of labour, and by that means of compelling the poor to work, since the due execution of such powers will, I apprehend, be found the true and only means of making them useful, and of advancing trade, from its present visibly declining state, to the height to which Sir William Petty, in his Political Arithmetic, thinks it capable of being carried.

In the afternoon the lady of the above-mentioned mansion called at our inn, and left her compliments to us with Mrs. Humphrys, with an assurance, that while we continued wind-bound in that place, where she feared we could be but indifferently accommodated, we were extremely welcome to the use of any thing which her garden or her house afforded. So polite a message convinced us, in spite of some arguments to the contrary, that we were not on the coast of Africa, or on some island, where the few savage inhabitants have little of human in them besides their form.

And here I mean nothing less than to derogate from the merit of this lady, who is not only extremely polite in her behaviour to strangers of her own rank, but so extremely good and charitable to all her poor neighbours, who stand in need of her assistance, that she hath the universal love and praises of all who live near her. But, in reality, how little doth the acquisition of so valuable a character, and the full indulgence of so worthy a disposition, cost those who possess it? Both are accomplished by the very offals which fall from a table moderately plentiful. That they are enjoyed therefore by so few, arises truly from their being so few who have any such disposition to gratify, or who aim at any such character.

Wednesday, July 22. This morning, after having been mulcted as usual, we dispatched a servant with proper acknowledgments of the lady's goodness; but confined our wants entirely to the productions of her garden. He soon returned, in company with the gardener, both richly laden with almost every particular which a garden at this most fruitful season of the year produces.

While we were regaling ourselves with these, towards the close of our dinner, we received orders from our commander, who had dined that day with some officers on board a man of war, to return instantly to the ship; for that the wind was become favourable, and he should weigh that evening. These orders were soon followed by the captain himself, who was still in the utmost hurry, tho' the occasion of it had long since ceased: for the wind had, indeed, a little shifted that afternoon, but was before this very quietly set down in its old quarters.

This last was a lucky hit for me: for, as the captain, to whose orders we resolved to pay no obedience, unless delivered by himself, did not return till past six, so much time seemed requisite to put up the furniture of our bed-chamber or dining-room, (for almost every article, even to some of the chairs, were either our own or the captain's property) so much more in conveying it as well as myself, as dead a luggage as any, to the shore, and thence to the ship, that the night threatened first to overtake us. A terrible circumstance to me, in my decayed condition; especially as very

heavy showers of rain, attended with a high wind, continued to fall incessantly; the being carried thro' which two miles in the dark, in a wet and open boat, seemed little less than certain death.

However, as my commander was absolute, his orders peremptory, and my obedience necessary, I resolved to avail myself of a philosophy which hath been of notable use to me in the latter part of my life, and which is contained in this hemistich of Virgil.

"Superanda omnis fortuna ferendo est."

The meaning of which, if Virgil had any, I think I rightly understand and rightly applied.

As I was therefore to be entirely passive in my motion, I resolved to abandon myself to the conduct of those who were to carry me into a cart, when it returned from unloading the goods.

But before this, the captain perceiving what had happened in the clouds, and that the wind remained as much his enemy as ever, came up stairs to me, with a reprieve till the morning. This was, I own, very agreeable news, and

I little regretted the trouble of refurnishing my apartment, by sending back for the goods.

Mrs. Humphrys was not well pleased with this. As she understood the reprieve to be only till the morning, she saw nothing but lodging to be possibly added, out of which she was to deduct fire and candle, and the remainder, she thought, would scarce pay her for her trouble. She exerted therefore all the ill humour of which she was mistress, and did all she could to thwart and perplex every thing during the whole evening.

Thursday, July 23. Early in the morning the captain came to visit us, and to press us to make haste on board. "I am resolved," says he, "not to lose a moment, now the wind is coming about fair: for my own part, I never was surer of a wind in all my life." I use his very words; nor will I presume to interpret or comment upon them farther, than by observing that they were spoke in the utmost hurry.

We promised to be ready as soon as breakfast was over; but this was not so soon as was expected: for in removing

our goods the evening before, the tea-chest was unhappily lost.

Every place was immediately searched, and many where it was impossible for it to be; for this was a loss of much greater consequence, than it may at first seem to many of my readers. Ladies and valetudinarians do not easily dispense with the use of this sovereign cordial, in a single instance; but to undertake a long voyage without any probability of being supplied with it the whole way, was above the reach of patience. And yet, dreadful as this calamity was, it seemed unavoidable. The whole town of Ryde could not supply a single leaf; for as to what Mrs. Humphrys and the shop called by that name, it was not of Chinese growth. It did not indeed in the least resemble tea, either in smell or taste, or in any particular, unless in being a leaf: for it was in truth no other than a tobacco of the mundungus species. And as for the hopes of relief in any other port, they were not to be depended upon; for the captain had positively declared he was sure of a wind, and would let go his anchor no more till he arrived in the Tajo.

When a good deal of time had been spent, most of it indeed wasted on this occasion, a thought occurred, which every one wondered at its not having presented itself the first moment. This was to apply to the good lady, who could not fail of pitying and relieving such distress. A messenger was immediately dispatched, with an account of our misfortune, till whose return we employed ourselves in preparatives for our departure, that we might have nothing to do but to swallow our breakfast when it arrived. The tea-chest, tho' of no less consequence to us than the military chest to a general, was given up as lost, or rather as stolen ; for tho' I would not, for the world, mention any particular name, it is certain we had suspicions, and all, I am afraid, fell on the same person.

The man returned from the worthy lady with much expedition, and brought with him a canister of tea, dispatched with so true a generosity, as well as politeness, that if our voyage had been as long again, we should have incurred no danger of being brought to a short allowance in this most important article.

At the very same instant likewise arrived William the footman, with our own tea-chest. It had been, indeed, left in the hoy, when the other goods were re-landed, as William, when he first heard it was missing, had suspected; and whence, had not the owner of the hoy been unluckily out of the way, he had retrieved it soon enough to have prevented our giving the lady an opportunity of displaying some part of her goodness.

To search the hoy was, indeed, too natural a suggestion to have escaped any one, nor did it escape being mentioned by many of us; but we were dissuaded from it by my wife's maid, who perfectly well remembered she had left the chest in the bed-chamber; for that she had never given it out of her hand in her way to or from the hoy; but William, perhaps, knew the maid better, and best understood how far she was to be believed; for otherwise he would hardly of his own accord, after hearing her declarations, have hunted out the hoyman, with much pains and difficulty.

Thus ended this scene, which begun with such appearance of distress, and

ended with becoming the subject of mirth and laughter.

Nothing now remained but to pay our taxes, which were indeed laid with inconceivable severity. Lodging was raised six-pence, fire in the same proportion, and even candles, which had hitherto escaped, were charged with a wantonness of imposition, from the beginning, and placed under the style of oversight. We were raised a whole pound, whereas we had only burnt ten, in five nights, and the pound consisted of twenty-four.

Lastly, an attempt was made, which almost as far exceeds human credulity to believe, as it did human patience to submit to. This was to make us pay as much for existing an hour or two as for existing a whole day; and dressing dinner was introduced as an article, tho' we left the house before either pot or spit had approached the fire. Here I own my patience failed me, and I became an example of the truth of the observation, That all tyranny and oppression may be carried too far, and that a yoke may be made too intolerable for the neck of the tamest slave. When I remonstrated with some warmth against this grievance,

Mrs. Humphrys gave me a look, and left the room, without making any answer. She returned in a minute, running to me with pen, ink, and paper in her hand, and desired me to make my own bill; for she hoped, she said, I did not expect that her house was to be dirtied, and her goods spoiled and consumed for nothing. "The whole is but thirteen shillings. Can gentlefolks lie a whole night at a public house for less? If they can, I am sure it is time to give off being a landlady: but pay me what you please; I would have people know that I value my money as little as other folks. But I was always a fool, as I says to my husband, and never knows which side my bread is buttered of. And yet, to be sure, your honour shall be my warning not to be bit so again. Some folks knows better than others some, how to make their bills. Candles! why, yes, to be sure; why should not travellers pay for candles? I am sure I pays for my candles, and the chandler pays the King's Majesty for them; and if he did not, I must, so as it comes to the same thing in the end. To be sure I am out of sixteens at present, but these burn as white

and as clear, tho' not quite so large. I expects my chandler here soon, or I would send to Portsmouth, if your honour was to stay any time longer. But when folks stays only for a wind, you knows there can be no dependance on such!" Here she put on a little slyness of aspect, and seemed willing to submit to interruption. I interrupted her, accordingly, by throwing down half a guinea, and declared I had no more English money, which was indeed true; and as she could not immediately change the thirty-six shilling pieces, it put a final end to the dispute. Mrs. Humphrys soon left the room, and we soon after left the house; nor would this good woman see us, or wish us a good voyage.

I must not, however, quit this place, where we had been so ill-treated, without doing it impartial justice, and recording what may with the strictest truth be said in its favour.

First then, as to its situation, it is, I think, most delightful, and in the most pleasant spot in the whole island. It is true it wants the advantage of that beautiful river, which leads from Newport to Cowes: but the prospect here extending

to the sea, and taking in Portsmouth, Spithead, and St. Helen's, would be more than a recompence for the loss of the Thames itself, even in the most delightful part of Berkshire or Buckinghamshire, tho' another Denham, or another Pope, should unite in celebrating it. For my own part, I confess myself so entirely fond of a sea prospect, that I think nothing on the land can equal it; and if it be set off with shipping, I desire to borrow no ornament from the *terra firma.* A fleet of ships is, in my opinion, the noblest object which the art of man hath ever produced; and far beyond the power of those architects who deal in brick, in stone, or in marble.

When the late Sir Robert Walpole, one of the best of men and of ministers, used to equip us a yearly fleet at Spithead, his enemies of taste must have allowed that he, at least, treated the nation with a fine sight for their money. A much finer, indeed, than the same expence in an encampment could have produced. For what, indeed, is the best idea which the prospect of a number of huts can furnish to the mind, but of a number of men forming themselves into

a society, before the art of building more substantial houses was known? This, perhaps, would be agreeable enough; but, in truth, there is a much worse idea ready to step in before it, and that is of a body of cut-throats, the supports of tyranny, the invaders of the just liberties and properties of mankind, the plunderers of the industrious, the ravishers of the chaste, the murderers of the innocent; and, in a word, the destroyers of the plenty, the peace, and the safety of their fellow-creatures.

And what, it may be said, are these men of war, which seem so delightful an object to our eyes? Are they not alike the support of tyranny, and oppression of innocence, carrying with them desolation and ruin wherever their masters please to send them. This is, indeed, too true; and however the ship of war may, in its bulk and equipment, exceed the honest merchant-man, I heartily wish there was no necessity for it; for, tho' I must own the superior beauty of the object on one side, I am more pleased with the superior excellence of the idea, which I can raise in my mind on the other; while I reflect on the art and industry of

mankind, engaged in the daily improvements of commerce, to the mutual benefit of all countries, and to the establishment and happiness of social life.

This pleasant village is situated on a gentle ascent from the water, whence it affords that charming prospect I have above described. Its soil is a gravel, which assisted with its declivity, preserves it always so dry, that immediately after the most violent rain, a fine lady may walk without wetting her silken shoes. The fertility of the place is apparent from its extraordinary verdure, and it is so shaded with large and flourishing elms, that its narrow lanes are a natural grove or walk, which in the regularity of its plantation vies with the power of art, and in its wanton exuberancy greatly exceeds it.

In a field, in the ascent of this hill, about a quarter of a mile from the sea, stands a neat little chapel. It is very small, but adequate to the number of inhabitants: for the parish doth not seem to contain above thirty houses.

At about two miles distant from this parish, lives that polite and good lady to whose kindness we were so much obliged.

It is placed on a hill, whose bottom is washed by the sea, and which from its eminence at top, commands a view of great part of the island, as well as it does that of the opposite shore. This house was formerly built by one Boyce, who, from a blacksmith at Gosport, became possessed, by great success in smuggling, of £40,000. With part of this he purchased an estate here, and by chance, probably, fixed on this spot for building a large house. Perhaps the convenience of carrying on his business, to which it is so well adapted, might dictate the situation to him. We can hardly, at least, attribute it to the same taste with which he furnished his house, or at least his library, by sending an order to a bookseller in London, to pack him up 500 pounds worth of his handsomest books. They tell here several almost incredible stories of the ignorance, the folly, and the pride which this poor man and his wife discovered during the short continuance of his prosperity; for he did not long escape the sharp eyes of the revenue-solicitors, and was, by extents from the Court of Exchequer, soon reduced below his original state, to that of

confinement in the Fleet. All his effects were sold, and, among the rest, his books, by an auction at Portsmouth, for a very small price; for the bookseller was now discovered to have been perfectly a master of his trade, and relying on Mr. Boyce's finding little time to read, had sent him not only the most lasting wares of his shop, but duplicates of the same, under different titles.

His estate and house were purchased by a gentleman of these parts, whose widow now enjoys them, and who hath improved them, particularly her gardens, with so elegant a taste, that the painter who would assist his imagination in the composition of a most exquisite landscape, or the poet, who would describe an earthly paradise, could no where furnish themselves with a richer pattern.

We left this place about eleven in the morning, and were again conveyed with more sunshine than wind aboard our ship.

Whence our captain had acquired his power of prophecy, when he promised us and himself a prosperous wind, I will not determine; it is sufficient to observe, that he was a false prophet, and that

the weathercocks continued to point as before.

He would not, however, so easily give up his skill in prediction. He persevered in asserting that the wind was changed, and, having weighed his anchor, fell down that afternoon to St. Helen's, which was at about the distance of five miles; and whither his friend the tide, in defiance of the wind, which was most manifestly against him, softly wafted him in as many hours.

Here about seven in the evening, before which time we could not procure it, we sat down to regale ourselves with some roasted venison, which was much better drest than we imagined it would be, and an excellent cold pasty which my wife had made at Ryde, and which we had reserved uncut to eat on board our ship, whither we all cheerfully exulted in being returned from the presence of Mrs. Humphrys, who, by the exact resemblance she bore to a fury, seemed to have been with no great propriety settled in Paradise.

Friday, July 24. As we passed by Spithead on the preceding evening, we saw the two regiments of soldiers who were just returned from Gibraltar and

Minorca; and this day a lieutenant belonging to one of them, who was the captain's nephew, came to pay a visit to his uncle, and entertained the ladies with a description of those countries, the manners, dress, and diversions of the inhabitants of Minorca, to which he added an account of an officer's life in garrison, which, tho' it might be tolerable for three or four years, must, I think, be insupportable for a longer time. And I found, indeed, by his discourse, that the troops in general embarked from England to these garrisons, since they had been changed every third year, with the utmost chearfulness; but that, before this time, they looked upon going to Gibralter and Port Mahon in the light of banishment; which made many of them melancholy, and some of the soldiers, it is said, had such a strong desire of revisiting their native country, that they absolutely pined away, which I am much inclined to believe; for a brother of mine, who was at Minorca about fourteen years ago, inform'd me that he came to England in the same ship with a soldier who shot himself thro' the hand, merely that he might be sent home,

having been in that island for many years. But now the north wind, dearer to our captain even than the company of his nephew for whom he express'd the highest regard, sprung suddenly up, and called aloud to him to weigh his anchor. While this ceremony was performing, the sea-captain ordered out his boat to row the land-captain to shore.

It appeared now, that the captain had been only mistaken in the date of his prediction, by placing the event a day earlier than it happened; for the wind which now arose, was not only favourable but brisk, and was no sooner in reach of our sails, than it swept us away by the back of the Isle of Wight, and having in the night carried us by Christchurch and Peveral-point, brought us the next noon, *Saturday*, *July* 29, off the island of Portland, so famous for the smallness and sweetness of its mutton, of which a leg seldom weighs four pounds. We would have bought a sheep, but our captain would not permit it; for I must do him the justice to say, that whether the wind was fair or foul, he always made the most of it, for he never let go his anchor but with a manifest concern,

and was generally out of humour for an hour or two upon these occasions, tho' he needed not have been in such a hurry, for presently the wind, I will not positively assert in resentment of his boldness, shewed him a dog's trick, and slily slipt back again to his summer-house in the south-west.

The captain now grew outrageous, and declaring open war with the wind, took a resolution, rather more bold than wise, of sailing in defiance of it, and in its teeth. He declared he would let go his anchor no more, but would beat the sea while he had either yard or sail left. He accordingly stood from the shore, and made so large a tack, that before night, though he seemed to advance but little on his way, he was got out of sight of land.

Towards the evening, the wind began, in the captain's own language, to freshen; and indeed it freshned so much, that before ten it blew a perfect hurricane. The captain having got, as he supposed, to a safe distance, tacked again towards the English shore; and now the wind veered a point only in his favour, and continued to blow with such violence, that the ship ran above eight knots or

miles an hour, during this whole day and tempestuous night, till bed-time. I was obliged to betake myself once more to my solitude; for my women were again all down in their sea-sickness, and the captain was busy on deck.

Having contracted no great degree of good humour, by living a whole day alone, without a single soul to converse with, I took but ill physic to purge it off, by a bed-conversation with the captain; who, amongst many bitter lamentations of his fate, and protesting he had more patience than a Job, frequently intermixed summons to the commanding-officer on the deck, who now happened to be one Morrison, of whom he inquired every quarter of an hour concerning the state of affairs; the wind, the care of the ship, and other matters of navigation. The frequency of these summons, as well as the solicitude with which they were made, gave me to understand, that we were not totally free from danger, and would have given no small alarm to a man, who had either not learnt what it is to die, or known what it is to be miserable. And my dear wife and child must pardon me, if what I did not con-

ceive to be any great evil to myself, I was not much terrified with the thoughts of happening to them: in truth, I have often thought they are both too good, and too gentle, to be trusted to the power of any man.

Can I say then I had no fear; indeed I cannot, reader, I was afraid for thee, lest thou shouldst have been deprived of that pleasure thou art now enjoying.

From all these fears we were relieved, at six in the morning, by the arrival of Mr. Morrison, who acquainted us that he was sure he beheld land very near; for he could not see half a mile, by reason of the haziness of the weather. This land, he said, was, he believed, the Berry-head, which forms one side of Torbay: the captain much surprized at this news, for he did not believe he was so near land, whipped on his night-gown, and regardless of every other dress, ran upon deck, saying, that if that was true he would give him his mother for a maid, a forfeiture which afterwards became due, for within half an hour, he returning into the cabin, wished me joy of our lying safe at anchor in the bay.

Sunday, July 26. Things now began

to put on an aspect very different from what they had lately worn: the news that the ship had almost lost its mizen, and that we had procured very fine clouted cream and fresh bread and butter from the shore, restored health and spirits to our women, and we all sat down to a very chearful breakfast.

But however pleasant our stay promised to be here, we were all desirous it should be short: I resolved immediately to dispatch my man into the country, to purchase a present of cyder for my friends of that which is called Southam, as well as to take with me a hogshead of it to Lisbon; for it is, in my opinion, much more delicious than that which is the growth of Herefordshire. I purchased three hogsheads for five pounds ten shillings, all which I should have scarce thought worth mentioning, had I not believed it might be of equal service to the honest farmer who sold it me, and who is by the neighbouring gentlemen reputed to deal in the very best, and to the reader, who from ignorance of the means of providing better for himself, swallows at a dearer rate the juice of Middlesex turnip, in-

stead of that Vinum Pomonæ which Mr. Giles Leverance of Cheeshurst, near Dartmouth in Devon, will, at the price of forty shillings per hogshead, send in double casks to any part of the world. Had the wind been very sudden in shifting, I had lost my cyder, by an attempt of a boatman to exact, according to custom. He required five shillings for conveying my man a mile and half to the shore, and four more if he staid to bring him back. This I thought to be such insufferable impudence, that I ordered him to be immediately chased from the ship, without any answer. Indeed, there are few inconveniencies that I would not rather encounter, than encourage the insolent demands of these wretches, at the expence of my own indignation, of which I own they are not the only objects, but rather those who purchase a paultry convenience by encouraging them. But of this I have already spoken very largely. I shall conclude, therefore, with the leave which this fellow took of our ship, saying, he should know it again, and would not put off from the shore to relieve it in any distress whatever.

It will, doubtless, surprize many of my readers to hear, that when we lay at anchor within a mile or two of a town, several days together, and even in the most temperate weather, we should frequently want fresh provisions and herbage, and other emoluments of the shore, as much as if we had been an hundred leagues from land. And this too, while numbers of boats were in our sight, whose owners get their livelihood by rowing people up and down, and could be at any time summoned by a signal to our assistance, and while the captain had a little boat of his own with men always ready to row it at his command.

This, however, hath been partly accounted for already, by the imposing disposition of the people; who asked so much more than the proper price of their labour. And as to the usefulness of the captain's boat, it requires to be a little expatiated upon, as it will tend to lay open some of the grievances which demand the utmost regard of our legislature, as they affect the most valuable part of the king's subjects, those by whom the commerce of the nation is carried into execution.

Our captain then, who was a very good and experienced seaman, having been above thirty years the master of a vessel, part of which he had served, as hath been before noticed, as commander of a privateer; and had discharged himself with great courage and conduct, and with as great success, discovered the utmost aversion to the sending his boat ashore, whenever we lay wind-bound in any of our harbours. This aversion did not arise from any fear of wearing out his boat by using it, but was, in truth, the result of experience, that it was easier to send his men on shore than to recal them. They acknowledged him to be their master while they remained on ship-board, but did not allow his power to extend to the shores, where they had no sooner set their foot, than every man became *sui juris*, and thought himself at full liberty to return when he pleased. Now it is not any delight that these fellows have in the fresh air, or verdant fields on the land. Every one of them would prefer his ship and his hammock to all the sweets of Arabia the happy; but unluckily for them, there are in every sea-port in England certain houses,

whose chief livelihood depends on providing entertainment for the gentlemen of the jacket. For this purpose, they are always well-furnished with those cordial liquors, which do immediately inspire the heart with gladness, banishing all careful thoughts, and indeed all others from the mind, and opening the mouth with songs of chearfulness and thanksgiving, for the many wonderful blessings with which a sea-faring life overflows.

For my own part, however whimsical it may appear, I confess, I have thought the strange story of Circe in the Odyssey, no other than an ingenious allegory; in which Homer intended to convey to his countrymen the same kind of instruction, which we intend to communicate to our own in this digression. As teaching the art of war to the Greeks, was the plain design of the Iliad; so was teaching them the art of navigation the no less manifest intention of the Odyssey. For the improvement of this, their situation was most excellently adapted; and accordingly we find Thucydides, in the beginning of his history, considers the Greeks as a set of pirates, or privateers, plundering each other by sea. This

being probably the first institution of commerce before the Ars Cauponaria was invented, and merchants, instead of robbing, began to cheat and outwit each other, and by degrees changed the Metabletic, the only kind of traffic allowed by Aristotle in his Politicks, into the Chrematistic.

By this allegory then I suppose Ulysses to have been the captain of a merchant-ship, and Circe some good ale-wife, who made his crew drunk with the spirituous liquors of those days. With this the transformation into swine, as well as all other incidents of the fable, will notably agree; and thus a key will be found out for unlocking the whole mystery, and forging, at least, some meaning to a story which, at present, appears very strange and absurd.

Hence, moreover, will appear the very near resemblance between the sea-faring men of all ages and nations; and here perhaps may be established the truth and justice of that observation, which will occur oftener than once in this voyage, that all human flesh is not the same flesh, but that there is one kind of flesh of landmen, and another of seamen.

Philosophers, divines, and others, who have treated the gratification of human appetites with contempt, have, among other instances, insisted very strongly on that satiety which is so apt to overtake them, even in the very act of enjoyment. And here they more particularly deserve our attention, as most of them may be supposed to speak from their own experience; and very probably gave us their lessons with a full stomach. Thus hunger and thirst, whatever delight they may afford while we are eating and drinking, pass both away from us with the plate and the cup; and though we should imitate the Romans, if indeed they were such dull beasts, which I can scarce believe, to unload the belly like a dung-pot, in order to fill it again with another load, yet would the pleasure be so considerably lessened, that it would scarce repay us the trouble of purchasing it with swallowing a bason of camomile tea. A second haunch of venison, or a second dose of turtle, would hardly allure a city glutton with its smell. Even the celebrated Jew himself, when well filled with Calipash and Calipee, goes contentedly home to tell his money, and

expects no more pleasure from his throat, during the next twenty-four hours. Hence I suppose Dr. South took that elegant comparison of the joys of a speculative man to the solemn silence of an Archimedes over a problem, and those of a glutton to the stillness of a sow at her wash. A simile, which, if it became the pulpit at all, could only become it in the afternoon.

Whereas, in those potations which the mind seems to enjoy, rather than the bodily appetite, there is happily no such satiety; but the more a man drinks the more he desires; as if, like Mark Anthony in Dryden, his appetite increased with feeding, and this to such an immoderate degree, *ut nullus sit desiderio aut pudor aut modus.* Hence, as with the gang of Captain Ulysses, ensues so total a transformation, that the man no more continues what he was. Perhaps he ceases for a time to be at all; or, tho' he may retain the same outward form and figure he had before, yet is his nobler part, as we are taught to call it, so changed, that, instead of being the same man, he scarce remembers what he was a few hours before. And this trans-

formation being once obtained, is so easily preserved by the same potations, which induce no satiety, that the captain in vain sends or goes in quest of his crew. They know him no longer; or, if they do, they acknowledge not his power, having indeed as entirely forgotten themselves, as if they had taken a large draught of the river of Lethe.

Nor is the captain always sure of even finding out the place to which Circe hath conveyed them. There are many of those houses in every port-town. Nay, there are some where the sorceress doth not trust only to her drugs; but hath instruments of a different kind to execute her purposes, by whose means the tar is effectually secreted from the knowledge and pursuit of his captain. This would, indeed, be very fatal, was it not for one circumstance; that the sailor is seldom provided with the proper bait for these harpies. However, the contrary sometimes happens, as these harpies will bite at almost any thing, and will snap at a pair of silver buttons or buckles, as surely as at the specie itself. Nay, sometimes they are so voracious, that the very naked hook will go down, and

the jolly young sailor is sacrificed for his own sake.

In vain, at such a season as this, would the vows of a pious heathen have prevailed over Neptune, Æolus, or any other marine deity. In vain would the prayers of a Christian captain be attended with the like success. The wind may change, how it pleases, while all hands are on shore; the anchor would remain firm in the ground, and the ship would continue in durance, unless, like other forcible prison-breakers, it forcibly got loose for no good purpose.

Now, as the favour of winds and courts, and such like, is always to be laid hold on at the very first motion, for within twenty-four hours all may be changed again; so in the former case, the loss of a day may be the loss of a voyage: for, tho' it may appear to some persons not well skilled in navigation, who see ships meet and sail by each other, that the wind blows sometimes east and west, north and south, backwards and forwards, at the same instant; yet, certain it is, that the land is so contrived, that even the same wind will not, like the same horse, always bring a man to the

end of his journey; but, that the gale which the mariner prayed heartily for yesterday, he may as heartily deprecate to-morrow; while all use and benefit, which would have arisen to him from the westerly wind of to-morrow, may be totally lost and thrown away, by neglecting the offer of the easterly blast which blows to-day.

Hence ensues grief and disreputation to the innocent captain, loss and disappointment to the worthy merchant, and not seldom great prejudice to the trade of a nation, whose manufactures are thus liable to lye unsold in a foreign warehouse, the market being forestall'd by some rival whose sailors are under a better discipline. To guard against these inconveniencies, the prudent captain takes every precaution in his power: he makes the strongest contracts with his crew, and thereby binds them so firmly, that none but the greatest or least of men can break through them with impunity: but for one of these two reasons, which I will not determine, the sailor, like his brother fish the eel, is too slippery to be held, and plunges into his element with perfect impunity.

To speak a plain truth, there is no trusting to any contract with one whom the wise citizens of London call a bad man; for, with such a one, tho' your bond be ever so strong, it will prove in the end good for nothing.

What then is to be done in this case? What, indeed! but to call in the assistance of that tremendous magistrate, the justice of peace, who can, and often doth lay good and bad men in equal durance; and, tho' he seldom cares to stretch his bonds to what is great, never finds any thing too minute for their detention, but will hold the smallest reptile alive so fast in his noose, that he can never get out 'till he is let drop through it.

Why, therefore, upon the breach of those contracts, should not an immediate application be made to the nearest magistrate of this order, who should be empower'd to convey the delinquent, either to ship or to prison, at the election of the captain, to be fettered by the leg in either place.

But, as the case now stands, the condition of this poor captain, without any commission, and of this absolute commander without any power, is much

worse than we have hitherto shewn it to be; for notwithstanding all the aforesaid contracts to sail in the good ship the Elizabeth, if the sailor should, for better wages, find it more his interest to go on board the better ship, the Mary, either before their setting out, or on their speedy meeting in some port, he may prefer the latter without any other danger, than that of "doing what he ought not to have done," contrary to a rule which he is seldom Christian enough to have much at heart, while the captain is generally too good a Christian to punish a man out of revenge only, when he is to be at a considerable expence for so doing. There are many other deficiencies in our laws, relating to maritime affairs, and which would probably have been long since corrected, had we any seamen in the House of Commons. Not that I would insinuate that the legislature wants a supply of many gentlemen in the sea-service: but, as these gentlemen are, by their attendance in the House, unfortunately prevented from ever going to sea, and there learning what they might communicate to their landed brethren, these latter remain as ignorant in that

branch of knowledge, as they would be if none but courtiers and fox-hunters had been elected into parliament, without a single fish among them. The following seems to me to be an effect of this kind, and it strikes me the stronger, as I remember the case to have happened, and remember it to have been dispunishable. A captain of a trading vessel, of which he was part-owner, took in a large freight of oats at Liverpool, consign'd to the market at Bear-key : this he carried to a port in Hampshire, and there sold it as his own, and freighting his vessel with wheat for the port of Cadiz in Spain, dropt it at Oporto in his way, and there selling it for his own use, took in a lading of wine, with which he sailed again, and having converted it in the same manner, together with a large sum of money with which he was entrusted, for the benefit of certain merchants, sold the ship and cargo in another port, and then wisely sat down contented with the fortune he had made, and returned to London to enjoy the remainder of his days, with the fruits of his former labours and a good conscience.

The sum he brought home with him,

consisted of near six thousand pounds, all in specie, and most of it in that coin which Portugal distributes so liberally over Europe.

He was not yet old enough to be past all sense of pleasure, nor so puff'd up with the pride of his good fortune, as to overlook his old acquaintances the journeymen taylors, from among whom he had been formerly press'd into the sea-service, and having there laid the foundation of his future success, by his shares in prizes, had afterwards become captain of a trading vessel, in which he purchased an interest, and had soon begun to trade in the honourable manner above-mentioned.

The captain now took up his residence at an alehouse in Drury-lane, where, having all his money by him in a trunk, he spent above five pounds a day among his old friends the gentlemen and ladies of those parts.

The merchant of Liverpool having luckily had notice from a friend, during the blaze of his fortune, did, by the assistance of a justice of peace, without the assistance of the law, recover his whole loss. The captain, however, wisely

chose to refund no more; but perceiving with what hasty strides envy was pursuing his fortune, he took speedy means to retire out of her reach, and to enjoy the rest of his wealth in an inglorious obscurity; nor could the same justice overtake him time enough to assist a second merchant, as he had done the first.

This was a very extraordinary case, and the more so, as the ingenious gentleman had steered entirely clear of all crimes in our law.

Now, how it comes about that a robbery so very easy to be committed, and to which there is such immediate temptation always before the eyes of these fellows, should receive the encouragement of impunity, is to be accounted for only from the oversight of the legislature, as that oversight can only be, I think, derived from the reasons I have assigned for it.

But I will dwell no longer on this subject. If what I have here said should seem of sufficient consequence to engage the attention of any man in power, and should thus be the means of applying any remedy, to the most inveterate evils

at least, I have obtained my whole desire, and shall have lain so long wind-bound in the ports of this kingdom to some purpose. I would indeed have this work, which, if I should live to finish it, (a matter of no great certainty, if indeed of any great hope to me,) will be probably the last I shall ever undertake, to produce some better end than the mere diversion of the reader.

Monday. This day our captain went ashore, to dine with a gentleman who lives in these parts, and who so exactly resembles the character given by Homer of Axylus, that the only difference I can trace between them is, the one living by the highway, erected his hospitality chiefly in favour of land travellers; and the other living by the water-side, gratifies his humanity by accommodating the wants of the mariner.

In the evening our commander received a visit from a brother captain, who lay wind-bound in the same harbour. This latter captain was a Swiss. He was then master of a vessel bound to Guinea, and had formerly been a privateering, when our own hero was employed in the same laudable service.

The honesty and freedom of the Switzer, his vivacity, in which he was in no respect inferior to his near neighbours the French, the aukward and affected politeness, which was likewise of French extraction, mixed with the brutal roughness of the English tar (for he had served under the colours of this nation, and his crew had been of the same) made such an odd variety, such a hotch-potch of character, that I should have been much diverted with him, had not his voice, which was as loud as a speaking trumpet, unfortunately made my head ake. The noise which he conveyed into the ears of his brother captain, who sat on one side of him, the soft addresses, with which, mixed with aukward bows, he saluted the ladies on the other, were so agreeably contrasted, that a man must not only have been void of all taste of humour, and insensible of mirth, but duller than Cibber is represented in the Dunciad, who could be unentertained with him a little while: for, I confess, such entertainments should always be very short, as they are very liable to pall. But he suffered not this to happen at present; for having given us his com-

pany a quarter of an hour only, he retired, after many apologies for the shortness of his visit.

Tuesday. The wind being less boisterous than it had hitherto been since our arrival here, several fishing boats, which the tempestuous weather yesterday had prevented from working, came on board us with fish. This was so fresh, so good in kind, and so very cheap, that we supplied ourselves with great numbers, among which were very large soals at four-pence a pair, and whitings, of almost a preposterous size, at nine-pence a score.

The only fish which bore any price was a john dorée, as it is called. I bought one of at least four pounds weight for as many shillings. It resembles a turbut in shape, but exceeds it in firmness and flavour. The price had the appearance of being considerable, when opposed to the extraordinary cheapness of others of value; but was, in truth, so very reasonable, when estimated by its goodness, that it left me under no other surprize, than how the gentlemen of this country, not greatly eminent for the delicacy of their taste,

had discovered the preference of the dorée to all other fish: but I was informed that Mr. Quin, whose distinguishing tooth hath been so justly celebrated, had lately visited Plymouth, and had done those honours to the dorée, which are so justly due to it from that sect of modern philosophers, who with Sir Epicure Mammon, or Sir Epicure Quin, their head, seem more to delight in a fish-pond than in a garden, as the old Epicureans are said to have done.

Unfortunately for the fishmongers of London, the dorée resides only in those seas; for could any of this company but convey one to the temple of luxury under the Piazza, where Macklin the high priest daily serves up his rich offerings to that goddess, great would be the reward of that fishmonger in blessings poured down upon him from the goddess; as great would his merit be towards the high priest, who could never be thought to over-rate such valuable incense.

And here having mentioned the extreme cheapness of fish in the Devonshire sea, and given some little hint of the extreme dearness with which this

commodity is dispensed by those who deal in it in London, I cannot pass on without throwing forth an observation or two, with the same view with which I have scattered my several remarks through this voyage, sufficiently satisfied in having finished my life, as I have probably lost it, in the service of my country, from the best of motives, tho' it should be attended with the worst of success. Ends are always in our power; means are very seldom so.

Of all the animal foods with which man is furnished, there are none so plenty as fish. A little rivulet, that glides almost unperceived through a vast tract of rich land, will support more hundreds with the flesh of its inhabitants than the meadow will nourish individuals. But if this be true of rivers, it is much truer of the sea shores, which abound with such immense variety of fish, that the curious fisherman, after he hath made his draught, often culls only the daintiest part, and leaves the rest of his prey to perish on the shore.

If this be true, it would appear, I think, that there is nothing which might be had in such abundance, and conse-

quently so cheap, as fish, of which nature seems to have provided such inexhaustible stores with some peculiar design. In the production of terrestrial animals, she proceeds with such slowness, that in the larger kind, a single female seldom produces more than one a year, and this again requires three, four, or five years more to bring it to perfection. And tho' the lesser quadrupeds, those of the wild kind particularly, with the birds, do multiply much faster, yet can none of these bear any proportion with the aquatic animals, of whom every female matrix is furnished with an annual offspring, almost exceeding the power of numbers, and which, in many instances at least, a single year is capable of bringing to some degree of maturity.

What then ought in general to be so plentiful, what so cheap as fish? What then so properly the food of the poor? So in many places they are, and so might they always be in great cities, which are always situated near the sea, or on the conflux of large rivers. How comes it then, to look no farther abroad for instances, that in our city of London the case is so far otherwise, that except

that of sprats, there is not one poor palate in a hundred that knows the taste of fish.

It is true, indeed, that this taste is generally of such excellent flavour, that it exceeds the power of French cookery to treat the palates of the rich with any thing more exquisitely delicate; so that was fish the common food of the poor, it might put them too much upon an equality with their betters, in the great article of eating, in which, at present, in the opinion of some, the great difference in happiness between man and man consists. But this argument I shall treat with the utmost disdain: for if ortolans were as big as bustards, and at the same time as plenty as sparrows, I should hold it yet reasonable to indulge the poor with the dainty, and that for this cause especially, that the rich would soon find a sparrow, if as scarce as an ortolan, to be much the greater, as it would certainly be the rarer dainty of the two.

Vanity or scarcity will be always the favourite of luxury, but honest hunger will be satisfied with plenty. Not to search deeper into the cause of the evil, I shall think it abundantly sufficient to

propose the remedies of it. And, first, I humbly submit the absolute necessity of immediately hanging all the fishmongers within the bills of mortality; and however it might have been some time ago the opinion of mild and temporizing men, that the evil complained of might be removed by gentler methods, I suppose at this day there are none who do not see the impossibility of using such with any effect. *Cuncta prius tentanda* might have been formerly urged with some plausibility, but *Cuncta prius tentata* may now be replied: for surely if a few monopolizing fishmongers could defeat that excellent scheme of the Westminster market, to the erecting which so many justices of peace, as well as other wise and learned men, did so vehemently apply themselves, that they might be truly said not only to have laid the whole strength of their heads, but of their shoulders too, to the business, it would be a vain endeavour for any other body of men to attempt to remove so stubborn a nuisance.

If it should be doubted, whether we can bring this case within the letter of any capital law now subsisting? I am

ashamed to own it cannot; for surely no crime better deserves such punishment; but the remedy may, nevertheless, be immediate, and if a law was made the beginning of next sessions, to take place immediately, by which the starving thousands of poor was declared to be felony, without benefit of clergy, the fishmongers would be hanged before the end of the sessions.

A second method of filling the mouths of the poor, if not with loaves, at least with fishes, is to desire the magistrates to carry into execution one, at least, out of near a hundred acts of parliament, for preserving the small fry of the river of Thames, by which means as few fish would satisfy thousands, as may now be devoured by a small number of individuals. But while a fisherman can break through the strongest meshes of an act of parliament, we may be assured he will learn so to contrive his own meshes, that the smallest fry will not be able to swim through them.

Other methods may, we doubt not, be suggested by those who shall attentively consider the evil here hinted at; but we have dwelt too long on it already, and

shall conclude with observing, that it is difficult to affirm, whether the atrocity of the evil itself, the facility of curing it, or the shameful neglect of the cure, be the more scandalous, or more astonishing.

After having, however, gloriously regaled myself with this food, I was washing it down with some good claret, with my wife and her friend in the cabin, when the captain returned from his visit a little elevated with some champaign, which, as it cost his Swiss brother little or nothing, he dispensed at his table more liberally than our hospitable English nobleman put about those bottles, which the ingenious Peter Taylor) teaches a led captain to avoid, by distinguishing by the name of that generous liquor, which all humble companions are taught to postpone to the flavour of Methuen, or honest Port.

However, our commander being, as I observed, in great spirits, we spent the rest of this day with much chearfulness, the ladies being a little recovered from their sea-sickness.

Wednesday the 20th. This morning the captain drest himself in scarlet, in

order to pay a visit to a Devonshire squire, to whom a captain of a ship is a guest of no ordinary consequence, as he is a stranger and a gentleman who hath seen a great deal of the world in foreign parts and knows all the news of the times.

The squire, therefore, was to send his boat for the captain; but a most unfortunate accident happened: for, as the wind was extremely rough, and against the hoy, while this was endeavouring to avail itself of great seamanship, in hawling up against the wind, a sudden squall carried off sail and yard; or, at least, so disabled them, that they were no longer of any use, and unable to reach the ship: but the captain, from the deck, saw his hopes of venison disappointed, and was forced either to stay on board his ship, or to hoist forth his own long-boat, which he could not prevail with himself to think of, tho' the smell of the venison had had twenty times its attraction. He did, indeed, love his ship as his wife, and his boats as children, and never willingly trusted the latter, poor things! to the dangers of the seas.

To say truth, notwithstanding the strict

rigour with which he preserved the dignity of his station, and the hasty impatience with which he resented any affront to his person or orders, disobedience to which he could in no instance brook in any person on board, he was one of the best natur'd fellows alive. He acted the part of a father to his sailors; he expressed great tenderness for any of them when ill, and never suffered any the least work of supererogation to go unrewarded by a glass of gin. He even extended his humanity, if I may so call it, to animals, and even his cats and kittens had large shares in his affections. An instance of which we saw this evening, when the cat, which had shewn it could not be drowned, was found suffocated under a feather-bed in the cabin, upon which occasion he exprest a concern which testified great goodness of heart. Nay, he carried his fondness even to inanimate objects, of which we have above set down a pregnant example, in his demonstration of love and tenderness towards his boats and ship. He spoke of a ship which he had commanded formerly, and which was long since no more, which he had called the Princess

of Brazil, as a widower of a deceased wife. This ship, after having followed the honest business of carrying goods and passengers for hire many years, did at last take to evil courses and turn privateer, in which service, to use his own words, she received many dreadful wounds, which he himself had felt, as if they had been his own.

Thursday. As the wind did not yesterday discover any purpose of shifting, and the water in my belly grew troublesome, and rendered me short-breathed; I began a second time to have apprehensions of wanting the assistance of a trochar, when none was to be found: I therefore concluded to be tapped again, by way of precaution; and accordingly I this morning summoned on board a surgeon from a neighbouring parish, one whom the captain greatly recommended, and who did indeed perform his office with much dexterity. He was, I believe likewise, a man of great judgment and knowledge in the profession; but of this I cannot speak with perfect certainty; for when he was going to open on the dropsy at large, and on the particular degree of the distemper under which I laboured, I was

obliged to stop him short, for the wind was changed, and the captain in the utmost hurry to depart; and to desire him, instead of his opinion, to assist me with his execution.

I was now once more delivered from my burthen, which was not indeed so great as I had apprehended, wanting two quarts of what was let out at the last operation.

While the surgeon was drawing away my water, the sailors were drawing up the anchor; both were finished at the same time, we unfurled our sails, and soon passed the Berry-head, which forms the mouth of the bay.

We had not however sailed far, when the wind, which had, tho' with a slow pace, kept us company about six miles, suddenly turned about, and offered to conduct us back again: a favour, which, tho' sorely against the grain, we were obliged to accept.

Nothing remarkable happened this day; for as to the persuasion of the captain, that he was under the spell of witchcraft, I would not repeat it too often, lest any one should imagine, that he had real faith in witches: but the

truth was, his patience, which he had before compared to that of Job, was wore out, tho' indeed he talked of nothing else, and seemed not only to be satisfied in general of his being bewitched, but actually to have fixed, with good certainty, on the person of the witch, whom, if he had lived in the days of Sir Matthew Hale, he would have infallibly indicted, and very possibly have hanged for the detestable sin of witchcraft. But that law, and the whole doctrine that supported it, are now out of fashion; and witches, as a learned divine once chose to express himself, are put down by act of parliament. This witch, in the captain's opinion, was no other than Mrs. Humphrys, of Ryde, who, as he insinuated, out of anger to me, for not spending more money in her house than she could produce any thing to exchange for, or any pretence to charge for, had laid this spell on his ship.

Tho' we were again got near our harbour by three in the afternoon, yet it seemed to require a full hour or more, before we could come to our former place of anchoring, or berth, as the captain called it. On this occasion we exem-

plified one of the few advantages, which the travellers by water have over the travellers by land. What would the latter often give for the sight of one of those hospitable mansions, where he is assured, *that there is good entertainment for man and horse;* and where both may consequently promise themselves to assuage that hunger which exercise is so sure to raise in a healthy constitution.

At their arrival at this mansion, how much happier is the state of the horse than that of the master? The former is immediately led to his repast, such as it is, and whatever it is, he falls to it with appetite. But the latter is in a much worse situation. His hunger, however violent, is always in some degree delicate, and his food must have some kind of ornament, or as the more usual phrase is, of dressing, to recommend it. Now all dressing requires time; and therefore, tho' perhaps, the sheep might be just killed before you came to the inn, yet in cutting him up, fetching the joint, which the landlord by mistake said he had in the house, from the butcher at two miles distance, and afterwards warming it a little by the fire, two hours at

least must be consumed, while hunger, for want of better food, preys all the time on the vitals of the man.

How different was the case with us? we carried our provision, our kitchen, and our cook with us, and we were at one and the same time travelling on our road, and sitting down to a repast of fish, with which the greatest table in London can scarce at any rate be supplied.

Friday. As we were disappointed of our wind, and obliged to return back the preceding evening, we resolved to extract all the good we could out of our misfortune, and to add considerably to our fresh stores of meat and bread, with which we were very indifferently provided when we hurried away yesterday. By the captain's advice we likewise laid in some stores of butter, which we salted and potted ourselves, for our use at Lisbon, and we had great reason afterwards to thank him for his advice.

In the afternoon, I persuaded my wife, whom it was no easy matter for me to force from my side, to take a walk on shore, whither the gallant captain declared he was ready to attend her. Accordingly,

the ladies set out, and left me to enjoy a sweet and comfortable nap after the operation of the preceding day.

Thus we enjoyed our separate pleasures full three hours, when we met again; and my wife gave the foregoing account of the gentleman, whom I have before compared to Axylus, and of his habitation, to both which she had been introduced by the captain, in the stile of an old friend and acquaintance.

Saturday. Early this morning the wind seemed inclined to change in our favour. Our alert captain snatched its very first motion, and got under sail with so very gentle a breeze, that as the tide was against him, he recommended to a fishing-hoy to bring after him a vast salmon, and some other provisions which lay ready for him on shore.

Our anchor was up at six, and before nine in the morning we had doubled the Berry-head, and were arrived off Dartmouth, having gone full three miles in as many hours, in direct opposition to the tide, which only befriended us out of our harbour; and tho' the wind was, perhaps, our friend, it was so very silent, and exerted itself so little in our favour, that,

like some cool partisans, it was difficult to say whether it was with us or against us. The captain, however, declared the former to be the case, during the whole three hours; but at last he perceived his error; or rather, perhaps, this friend, which had hitherto wavered in chusing his side, became now more determined. The captain then suddenly tacked about, and asserting that he was bewitched, submitted to return to the place from whence he came. Now, though I am as free from superstition as any man breathing, and never did believe in witches, notwithstanding all the excellent arguments of my Lord Chief Justice Hale in their favour, and long before they were put down by act of parliament, yet by what power a ship of burthen should sail three miles against both wind and tide, I cannot conceive; unless there was some supernatural interposition in the case: nay, could we admit that the wind stood neuter, the difficulty would still remain. So that we must of necessity conclude, that the ship was either bewinded or bewitched.

The captain, perhaps, had another meaning. He imagined himself, I believe,

bewitched, because the wind, instead of persevering in its change in his favour, for change it certainly did that morning, should suddenly return to its favourite station, and blow him back towards the bay. But if this was his opinion, he soon saw cause to alter; for he had not measured half the way back, when the wind again declared in his favour, and so loudly that there was no possibility of being mistaken.

The orders for the second tack were given, and obeyed with much more alacrity, than those had been for the first. We were all of us indeed in high spirits on the occasion; though some of us a little regretted the good things we were likely to leave behind us by the fisherman's neglect: I might give it a worse name, for he faithfully promised to execute the commission, which he had had abundant opportunity to do; but *Nautica fides* deserves as much to be proverbial, as ever *Punica fides* could formerly have done. Nay, when we consider that the Carthaginians came from the Phenicians, who are supposed to have produced the first mariners, we may probably see the true reason of the adage,

and it may open a field of very curious discoveries to the antiquarian.

We were, however, too eager to pursue our voyage, to suffer any thing we left behind us to interrupt our happiness, which indeed many agreeable circumstances conspired to advance. The weather was inexpressibly pleasant, and we were all seated on the deck, when our canvas began to swell with the wind. We had likewise in our view above thirty other sail around us, all in the same situation. Here an observation occurred to me which, perhaps, though extremely obvious, did not offer itself to every individual in our little fleet: when I perceived with what different success we proceeded, under the influence of a superior power, which while we lay almost idle ourselves, pushed us forward on our intended voyage, and compared this with the slow progress which we had made in the morning, of ourselves and without any such assistance, I could not help reflecting how often the greatest abilities lie windbound as it were in life; or if they venture out, and attempt to beat the seas, they struggle in vain against wind and tide; and if they have not sufficient pru-

dence to put back, are most probably cast away on the rocks and quicksands, which are every day ready to devour them.

It was now our fortune to set out *melioribus avibus.* The wind freshened so briskly in our poop, that the shore appeared to move from us, as fast as we did from the shore. The captain declared he was sure of a wind, meaning its continuance; but he had disappointed us so often, that he had lost all credit. However, he kept his word a little better now, and we lost sight of our native land, as joyfully, at least, as it is usual to regain it.

Sunday. The next morning, the captain told me he thought himself thirty miles to the westward of Plymouth, and before evening declared that the Lizard point, which is the extremity of Cornwall, bore several leagues to leeward. Nothing remarkable past this day, except the captain's devotion, who, in his own phrase, summoned all hands to prayers, which were read by a common sailor upon deck, with more devout force and address, than they are commonly read by a country curate, and received

with more decency and attention by the sailors than are usually preserved in city congregations. I am, indeed, assured that if any such affected disregard of the solemn office in which they were engaged, as I have seen practised by fine gentlemen and ladies, expressing a kind of apprehension lest they should be suspected of being really in earnest in their devotion, had been shewn here, they would have contracted the contempt of the whole audience. To say the truth, from what I observed in the behaviour of the sailors in this voyage, and on comparing it with what I have formerly seen of them at sea and on shore, I am convinced that on land there is nothing more idle and dissolute; in their own element, there are no persons near the level of their degree, who live in the constant practice of half so many good qualities. They are, for much the greater part, perfect masters of their business, and always extremely alert, and ready in executing it, without any regard to fatigue or hazard. The soldiers themselves are not better disciplined, nor more obedient to orders than these whilst aboard; they submit to every difficulty

which attends their calling with chearfulness, and no less virtues than patience and fortitude are exercised by them every day of their lives.

All these good qualities, however, they always leave behind them on shipboard: the sailor out of water is, indeed, as wretched an animal as the fish out of water; for tho' the former hath in common with amphibious animals the bare power of existing on the land, yet if he be kept there any time, he never fails to become a nuisance.

The ship having had a good deal of motion since she was last under sail, our women returned to their sickness, and I to my solitude; having, for twenty-four hours together, scarce opened my lips to a single person. This circumstance of being shut up within the circumference of a few yards, with a score of human creatures, with not one of whom it was possible to converse, was perhaps so rare, as scarce ever to have happened before, nor could it ever happen to one who disliked it more than myself, or to myself at a season when I wanted more food for my social disposition. To this accident, which fortune opened to me in

the Downs, was owing the first serious thought which I ever entertained of enroling myself among the voyage-writers; some of the most amusing pages, if indeed there be any which deserve that name, were possibly the production of the most disagreeable hours which ever haunted the author.

Monday. At noon the captain took an observation, by which it appeared that Ushant bore some leagues northward of us, and that we were just entering the bay of Biscay. We had advanced a very few miles in this bay before we were entirely becalmed; we furl'd our sails, as being of no use to us, while we lay in this most disagreeable situation, more detested by the sailors than the most violent tempest: we were alarmed with the loss of a fine piece of salt beef, which had been hung in the sea to freshen it; this being, it seems, the strange property of salt water. The thief was immediately suspected, and presently afterwards taken by the sailors. He was indeed no other than a huge shark, who, not knowing when he was well off, swallowed another piece of beef, together with a great iron crook on which it was hung,

and by which he was dragged into the ship.

I should scarce have mentioned the catching this shark, though so exactly conformable to the rules and practice of voyage-writing, had it not been for a strange circumstance that attended it. This was the recovery of the stolen beef out of the shark's maw, where it lay unchewed and undigested, and whence being conveyed into the pot, the flesh, and the thief that had stoln it, joined together in furnishing variety to the ship's crew.

During this calm we likewise found the mast of a large vessel, which the captain had thought had lain at least three years in the sea. It was stuck all over with a little shell-fish or reptile called a barnacle, and which probably are the prey of the rock-fish, as our captain calls it, asserting that it is the finest fish in the world; for which we are obliged to confide entirely in his taste; for, though he struck the fish with a kind of harping iron, and wounded him, I am convinced, to death, yet he could not possess himself of his body; but the poor wretch escaped to linger

out a few hours, with probably great torments.

In the evening our wind returned, and so briskly, that we ran upwards of twenty leagues before the next day's [*Tuesday's*] Observation, which brought us to lat. 47°. 42′. The captain promised us a very speedy passage through the bay; but he deceived us, or the wind deceived him, for it so slackened at sunset, that it scarce carried us a mile in an hour during the whole succeeding night.

Wednesday. A gale struck up a little after sun-rising, which carried us between three or four knots or miles an hour. We were this day at noon about the middle of the bay of Biscay, when the wind once more deserted us, and we were so entirely becalmed, that we did not advance a mile in many hours. My fresh-water reader will perhaps conceive no unpleasant idea from this calm; but it affected us much more than a storm could have done; for as the irascible passions of men are apt to swell with indignation long after the injury which first raised them is over, so fared it with the sea. It rose mountains high, and lifted our poor ship up and down, backwards and forwards, with so violent

an emotion, that there was scarce a man in the ship better able to stand than myself. Every utensil in our cabin rolled up and down, as we should have rolled ourselves, had not our chairs been fast lashed to the floor. In this situation, with our tables likewise fastened by ropes, the captain and myself took our meal with some difficulty, and swallowed a little of our broth, for we spilt much the greater part. The remainder of our dinner being an old lean, tame duck roasted, I regretted but little the loss of, my teeth not being good enough to have chewed it.

Our women, who began to creep out of their holes in the morning, retired again within the cabin to their beds, and were no more heard of this day, in which my whole comfort was to find, by the captain's relation, that the swelling was sometimes much worse; he did, indeed, take this occasion to be more communicative than ever, and informed me of such misadventures that had befallen him within forty-six years at sea, as might frighten a very bold spirit from undertaking even the shortest voyage. Were these indeed but universally known,

our matrons of quality would possibly be deterred from venturing their tender offspring at sea; by which means our navy would lose the honour of many a young commodore, who at twenty-two is better versed in maritime affairs than real seamen are made by experience at sixty.

And this may, perhaps, appear the more extraordinary, as the education of both seems to be pretty much the same; neither of them having had their courage tried by Virgil's description of a storm, in which, inspired as he was, I doubt whether our captain doth not exceed him.

In the evening the wind, which continued in the N.W., again freshened, and that so briskly that cape Finisterre appeared by this day's observation to bear a few miles to the southward. We now indeed sailed, or rather flew, near ten knots an hour; and the captain, in the redundancy of his good humour, declared he would go to church at Lisbon on Sunday next, for that he was sure of a wind; and indeed we all firmly believed him. But the event again contradicted him: for we were again visited by a calm in the evening.

But here, tho' our voyage was retarded, we were entertained with a scene which as no one can behold without going to sea, so no one can form an idea of any thing equal to it on shore. We were seated on the deck, women and all, in the serenest evening that can be imagined. Not a single cloud presented itself to our view, and the sun himself was the only object which engrossed our whole attention. He did indeed set with a majesty which is incapable of description, with which, while the horizon was yet blazing with glory, our eyes were called off to the opposite part to survey the moon, which was then at full, and which in rising presented us with the second object that this world hath offered to our vision. Compared to these the pageantry of theatres, or splendor of courts, are sights almost below the regard of children.

We did not return from the deck till late in the evening: the weather being inexpressibly pleasant, and so warm, that even my old distemper perceived the alteration of the climate. There was indeed a swell, but nothing comparable to what we had felt before, and it affected

us on the deck much less than in the cabin.

Friday. The calm continued till sunrising, when the wind likewise arose; but, unluckily for us, it came from a wrong quarter: it was S.S.E., which is that very wind which Juno would have solicited of Æolus, had Æneas been in our latitude bound for Lisbon.

The captain now put on his most melancholy aspect, and resumed his former opinion, that he was bewitched. He declared, with great solemnity, that this was worse and worse, for that a wind directly in his teeth was worse than no wind at all. Had we pursued the course which the wind persuaded us to take, we had gone directly for Newfoundland, if we had not fallen in with Ireland in our way. Two ways remained to avoid this; one was to put into a port of Galicia; the other, to beat to the westward with as little sail as possible; and this was our captain's election.

As for us, poor passengers, any port would have been welcome to us; especially as not only our fresh provisions, except a great number of old ducks and fowls, but even our bread was come to

an end, and nothing but sea biscuit remained, which I could not chew. So that now, for the first time in my life, I saw what it was to want a bit of bread.

The wind, however, was not so unkind as we had apprehended; but having declined with the sun, it changed at the approach of the moon, and became again favourable to us; tho' so gentle, that the next day's observation carried us very little to the southward of cape Finisterre. This evening at six the wind, which had been very quiet all day, rose very high, and continuing in our favour, drove us seven knots an hour.

This day we saw a sail, the only one, as I heard of, we had seen in our whole passage through the bay. I mention this on account of what appeared to me somewhat extraordinary. Tho' she was at such a distance that I could only perceive she was a ship, the sailors discovered she was a snow bound to a port in Galicia.

Sunday. After prayers, which our good captain read on the deck with an audible voice, we found ourselves far advanced in 42°, and the captain declared we should sup off Porte. We had not much wind

this day; but, as this was directly in our favour, we made it up with sail, of which we crowded all we had. We went only at the rate of four miles an hour, but with so uneasy a motion, continually rolling from side to side, that I suffered more than I had done in our whole voyage; my bowels being almost twisted out of my belly. However, the day was very serene and bright, and the captain, who was in high spirits, affirmed he had never passed a pleasanter at sea.

The wind continued so brisk that we ran upward of six knots an hour the whole night.

Monday. In the morning, our captain concluded that he was got into lat. 40°, and was very little short of the Burlings, as they are called in the charts. We came up with them at five in the afternoon, being the first land we had distinctly seen since we left Devonshire. They consist of abundance of little rocky islands, a little distant from the shore, three of them only shewing themselves above the water.

Here the Portuguese maintain a kind of garrison, if we may allow it that name. It consists of malefactors, who are

banished hither for a term, for divers small offences. A policy which they may have copied from the Egyptians, as we may read in Diodorus Siculus. That wise people, to prevent the corruption of good manners by evil communication, built a town on the Red Sea, whither they transported a great number of their criminals, having first set an indelible mark on them, to prevent their returning and mixing with the sober part of their citizens.

These rocks lie about fifteen leagues north-west of cape Roxent; or, as it is commonly called, the rock of Lisbon; which we past early the next morning. The wind, indeed, would have carried us thither sooner; but the captain was not in a hurry. This is a very high mountain, situated on the northern side of the mouth of the river Tajo, which rising above Madrid, in Spain, and soon becoming navigable for small craft, empties itself, after a long course, into the sea, about four leagues below Lisbon.

On the summit of the rock stands a hermitage, which is now in the possession of an Englishman, who was formerly master of a vessel trading to

Lisbon; and, having changed his religion and his manners, the latter of which, at least, were none of the best, betook himself to this place, in order to do penance for his sins. He is now very old, and hath inhabited this hermitage for a great number of years, during which he hath received some countenance from the royal family; and particularly from the late queen dowager, whose piety refuses no trouble or expence by which she may make a proselyte; being used to say, that the saving one soul would repay all the endeavours of her life.

Here we waited for the tide, and had the pleasure of surveying the face of the country, the soil of which, at this season, exactly resembles an old brick kiln, or a field where the greensward is pared up and set a-burning or rather a-smoaking, in little heaps, to manure the land. This sight will, perhaps, of all others, make an Englishman proud of and pleased with his own country, which in verdure excels, I believe, every other country. Another deficiency here, is, the want of large trees, nothing above a shrub being here to be discovered in the circumference of many miles.

At this place we took a pilot on board, who, being the first Portuguese we spoke to, gave us an instance of that religious observance which is paid by all nations to their laws: for, whereas it is here a capital offence to assist any person in going on shore from a foreign vessel, before it hath been examined, and every person in it viewed by the magistrates of health, as they are called, this worthy pilot, for a very small reward, rowed the Portuguese priest to shore at this place, beyond which he did not dare to advance; and, in venturing whither he had given sufficient testimony of love for his native country.

We did not enter the Tajo till noon, when after passing several old castles, and other buildings, which had greatly the aspect of ruins, we came to the castle of Bellisle, where we had a full prospect of Lisbon, and were indeed within three miles of it.

Here we were saluted with a gun, which was a signal to pass no farther, till we had complied with certain ceremonies, which the laws of this country require to be observed by all ships which arrive in this port. We were obliged then to cast

anchor, and expect the arrival of the officers of the customs, without whose passport no ship must proceed farther than this place.

Here likewise we received a visit from one of those magistrates of health before-mentioned. He refused to come on board the ship, till every person in her had been drawn up on deck, and personally viewed by him. This occasioned some delay on my part, as it was not the work of a minute to lift me from the cabin to the deck. The captain thought my particular case might have been excused from this ceremony; and that it would be abundantly sufficient if the magistrate, who was obliged afterwards to visit the cabin, surveyed me there. But this did not satisfy the magistrate's strict regard to his duty. When he was told of my lameness, he called out with a voice of authority, "Let him be brought up," and his orders were presently complied with. He was indeed a person of great dignity, as well as of most exact fidelity in the discharge of his trust. Both which are the more admirable, as his salary is less than £30 English *per annum.*

Before a ship hath been visited by one

of those magistrates, no person can lawfully go on board her; nor can any on board depart from her. This I saw exemplified in a remarkable instance. The young lad, whom I have mentioned as one of our passengers, was here met by his father, who, on the first news of the captain's arrival, came from Lisbon to Bellisle in a boat, being eager to embrace a son whom he had not seen for many years. But when he came along-side our ship, neither did the father dare ascend, nor the son descend, as the magistrate of health had not been yet on board.

Some of my readers will, perhaps, admire the great caution of this policy, so nicely calculated for the preservation of this country from all pestilential distempers. Others will as probably regard it as too exact and formal to be constantly persisted in, in seasons of the utmost safety, as well as in times of danger. I will not decide either way; but will content myself with observing, that I never yet saw or heard of a place where a traveller had so much trouble given him at his landing as here. The only use of which, as all such matters begin and end in form only, is to put it into the power

of low and mean fellows to be either rudely officious, or grossly corrupt, as they shall see occasion to prefer the gratification of their pride or of their avarice.

Of this kind, likewise, is that power which is lodged with other officers here, of taking away every grain of snuff, and every leaf of tobacco, brought hither from other countries, tho' only for the temporary use of the person, during his residence here. This is executed with great insolence, and as it is in the hands of the dregs of the people, very scandalously: for, under pretence of searching for tobacco and snuff, they are sure to steal whatever they can find, insomuch that when they came on board, our sailors address'd us in the Covent-Garden language, "Pray, gentlemen and ladies, take care of your swords and watches." Indeed I never yet saw any thing equal to the contempt and hatred which our honest tars every moment express'd for these Portuguese officers.

At Bellisle lies buried Catherine of Arragon, widow of Prince Arthur, eldest son of our Henry VII., afterwards married to, and divorced from, Henry VIII.

Close by the church where her remains are deposited, is a large convent of Geronymites, one of the most beautiful piles of building in all Portugal.

In the night at twelve, our ship having received previous visits from all the necessary parties, took the advantage of the tide, and having sailed up to Lisbon, cast anchor there, in a calm, and a moonshiny night, which made the passage incredibly pleasant to the women, who remained three hours enjoying it, whilst I was left to the cooler transports of enjoying their pleasures at second-hand ; and yet, cooler as they may be, whoever is totally ignorant of such sensation, is, at the same time, void of all ideas of friendship.

Wednesday. Lisbon, before which we now lay at anchor, is said to be built on the same number of hills with old Rome ; but these do not all appear to the water ; on the contrary, one sees from thence one vast high hill and rock, with buildings arising above one another, and that in so steep and almost perpendicular a manner, that they all seem to have but one foundation.

As the houses, convents, churches, &c. are large, and all built with white stone,

they look very beautiful at a distance; but as you approach nearer, and find them to want every kind of ornament, all idea of beauty vanishes at once. While I was surveying the prospect of this city, which bears so little resemblance to any other that I have ever seen, a reflection occurred to me, that if a man was suddenly to be removed from Palmyra hither, and should take a view of no other city, in how glorious a light would the antient architecture appear to him? and what desolation and destruction of arts and sciences would he conclude had happened between the several æras of these cities?

I had now waited full three hours upon deck, for the return of my man, whom I had sent to bespeak a good dinner (a thing which had been long unknown to me) on shore, and then to bring a Lisbon chaise with him to the sea-shore; but, it seems, the impertinence of the providore was not yet brought to a conclusion. At three o'clock, when I was from emptiness rather faint than hungry, my man returned, and told me, there was a new law lately made, that no passenger should set his foot on shore without a special

order from the providore; and that he himself would have been sent to prison for disobeying it, had he not been protected as the servant of the captain. He informed me likewise, that the captain had been very industrious to get this order, but that it was then the providore's hour of sleep, a time when no man, except the king himself, durst disturb him.

To avoid prolixity, tho' in a part of my narrative which may be more agreeable to my reader than it was to me, the providore having at last finished his nap, dispatched this absurd matter of form, and gave me leave to come, or rather to be carried, on shore.

What it was that gave the first hint of this strange law is not easy to guess. Possibly, in the infancy of their defection, and before their government could be well established, they were willing to guard against the bare possibility of surprize, of the success of which bare possibility the Trojan horse will remain for ever on record, as a great and memorable example. Now the Portuguese have no walls to secure them, and a vessel of two or three hundred tons will

contain a much larger body of troops than could be concealed in that famous machine, tho' Virgil tells us (somewhat hyperbolically, I believe) that it was as big as a mountain.

About seven in the evening I got into a chaise on shore, and was driven through the nastiest city in the world, tho' at the same time one of the most populous, to a kind of coffee-house, which is very pleasantly situated on the brow of a hill, about a mile from the city, and hath a very fine prospect of the river Tajo from Lisbon to the sea.

Here we regaled ourselves with a good supper, for which we were as well charged, as if the bill had been made on the Bath road, between Newbury and London.

And now we could joyfully say,

"Egressi optatâ Troes potiuntur arenâ."

Therefore in the words of Horace,

"——hic finis chartæq; viæq;".

A

FRAGMENT OF A COMMENT

ON

L. BOLINGBROKE'S ESSAYS.

P

A

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L. BOLINGBROKE'S ESSAYS.

I MUST confess myself to be one of those who brought with me to the perusal of the late published volumes of Lord Bolingbroke, a very high prejudice to the doctrines said to have been established in them; but at the same time, can as truly assert, that I had the highest, and strongest prepossession in favour of the abilities of the author. Such, indeed, was this prepossession, that it might, I think, be a sufficient warrant of a man's candour against any prejudice whatever: and it is in the true spirit of this candour, that I declare, upon the perusal, I have found my prepossessions greatly abated, and my prejudices not in the least removed.

Could it therefore be supposed, that all mankind were alike able to try the cause of truth, and to form their judgment on the weight of argument and evidence only, I think there could be no danger in leaving the decision of this matter upon his lordship's own reasoning, without any attempt to answer him. But when we consider how very weak the abilities of mankind in general are, in disquisitions of this nature; how much weaker they are rendered for this purpose by want of due attention; and, lastly, how apt they are to carry any little partiality which they have pre-conceived before the examination of a cause, up to the final decision of it in their minds, it may possibly be very dangerous to the society to suffer such pernicious doctrines to stand unobjected to, with so great a name at their head. Many, I am convinced, will think the authority of this name alone sufficient to establish their own belief upon, without any farther inquiry at all. Many others will imagine very little inquiry necessary, and, tho' they did not entirely acquiesce in taking his word, will be easily cajoled with his reasons, which, however little they may

have of substance, have much of the specious ornaments of wit and language, with all the allurements of novelty both of style and manner; and, finally, with an appearance, at least, of reading, very singular and extensive.

From which last particular may arise a third sort very worthy of receiving some assistance on this occasion; such, I mean, as have not the least inclination to his lordship's doctrines, nor would, indeed, assent to them on the authority of any man breathing, who may yet have wanted leisure or opportunity sufficient to provide themselves with a proper fund of knowledge, to give a ready answer to various assertions which will occur in the works now under consideration, and which, tho' they have the worst of tendencies, have in reality themselves no better support (and not always so good a one) than some very weak and slender hypotheses and are at other times built on the revival of old chimerical principles, which have been confuted and exploded long ago.

Now, to all these different constitutions, we shall endeavour to apply our several antidotes. And here, luckily for us, we are provided with an argument which

must most effectually silence those, who are the most difficult of all others to be usually dealt with, in the way of reasoning: such are the persons I mentioned in the first class, who believe from authority only, and who have not yet, with the schools, given up the irresistible argument of, he Himself said it.

The force of this argument, however, even in the days when it flourished most, drew all its strength from a supposition that, if he himself said it, he himself believed it: for, if it could have been proved of Aristotle that he had asserted *pro* and *con*, and had with the same clearness affirmed in one part of his works the same thing to be, and in another the same thing not to be, none of his scholars would have known which he believed, and all others would, perhaps, have thought that he had no belief at all in, nor indeed any knowledge of the matter.

If, therefore his lordship shall appear to have made use of this duplicity of assertion, and that not in one or two, but in many instances, may we not draw the like conclusions? Luckily, perhaps, for his lordship, we may not be driven to the same absolute degree of uncertainty as

must have resulted from the case of Aristotle, as I have put it above; since our noble author himself seems to have left us a kind of clue, which will sufficiently lead to the discovery of his meaning, and will shew us, as often as he is pleased to assert both sides of a contradiction, on which side we are to believe him.

And here I shall premise two cautions; one of which I shall borrow from the rules established among writers; the reasonableness of the other I shall endeavour to evince, from a rule given us by one of the greatest lawyers whom this kingdom ever bred.

The first is, that of interpreting the sense of an author with the utmost candour, so as not to charge him with any gross and invidious meaning, when his words are susceptible of a much more benign and favourable sense.

The second is, the observation formed upon the works of judge Littleton by lord chief justice Coke: this is, that whenever that great lawyer is pleased to put down two opinions directly contradicting each other, that the latter opinion is always the best, and always his own.

To apply these to the present purpose, I first of all recommend to the candour of the reader, that whenever he shall find two assertions directly contrary to each other, (and many such we do promise to produce to him) one of which directly tends to take away all religion whatever, and the other as directly to establish natural religion at least, that he will be so kind, since it is impossible that my lord should have believed both, to imagine that he rather believed the latter; especially as this latter, from its contradicting the apparent purpose of the author, appears to have been last set down; and, consequently, will have my lord Coke's sanction in favour of the superior authority.

Lastly, if it should ever happen that his lordship's sentiments should be more clearly expressed in favour of the worse than of the better doctrine, we will endeavour all that in us lies to explain and illustrate those hints; by which, we trust, he will always assist a careful and accurate examiner, in rescuing the esoteric purity of his doctrines from that less amiable appearance in which their exoteric garb represents them.

In short, we doubt not but to make it appear as a fact beyond all contest, that his lordship was in jest through the whole work which we have undertaken to examine. If an inflamed zealot should, in his warmth, compare such jesting to his in the Psalmist; or, if a cooler disposition should ask, how it was possible to jest with matters of such importance? I confess I have no defence against the accusation, nor can give any satisfactory answer to the question. To this, indeed, I could say, and it is all that I could say, that my lord Bolingbroke was a great genius, sent into the world for great and astonishing purposes. That the ends, as well as means of action in such personages, are above the comprehension of the vulgar. That his life was one scene of the Wonderful throughout. That, as the temporal happiness, the civil liberties and properties of Europe, were the game of his earliest youth, there could be no sport so adequate to the entertainment of his advanced age, as the eternal and final happiness of all mankind. That this is the noblest conservation of character, and might, if perceived in himself, possibly lead our great genius to see the supreme

Being in the light of a dramatic poet, and that part of his works which we inhabit as a drama. "The sensitive inhabitants of our globe," says lord Bolingbroke,[1] "like the *dramatis personæ*, have different characters, and are applied to different purposes of action in every scene. The several parts of the material world, like the machines of a theatre, were contrived not for the actors, but for the action: and the whole order and system of the drama would be disordered and spoiled, if any alteration was made in either. The nature of every creature, his manner of being, is adapted to his state here, to the place he is to inhabit, and, as we may say, to the part he is to act." It hath been, I think, too common with poets to aggrandize their profession with such kind of similes, and I have, somewhere in an English dramatic writer, met with one so nearly resembling the above, that his lordship might be almost suspected to have read it likewise; but such conceits are inconsistent with any (even the least) pretence to philosophy. I recollect, indeed, a single instance, in the writings of Jordano Bruno, who was

[1] Vol. v., p. 377.

burnt at Rome for heresy, or, if we believe Scioppius, for most horrid blasphemy, the latter end of the 15th century; and who, from a want of a due correspondence between the passive powers of matter, and the active power of God, compares the Supreme Being to a fidler, who hath skill to play, but cannot for want of a fiddle. This, it must be confessed, is going somewhat farther; as much farther, in reality, as to descend from the stage to the orchestra. This ludicrous treatment of the Being so universally (for half a dozen madmen must not be allowed to strip any opinion of universality) acknowledged to be the cause of all things, whilst it sounds so ill in the grave voice of reason, very well becomes the lips of a droll: for novelty, boldness, and even absurdity, as they all tend to surprize, do often give a poignancy to wit, and serve to enhance a jest. This affords a second reason why we may suspect his lordship was not over serious in the work before us.

3dly, That his lordship never thought proper to revise this performance, is a very strong argument that he could not be in earnest, either in believing himself in his own doctrines, or in endeavouring

to imprint such a belief on others. That he did not in fact revise his works is manifest, from the numerous contradictions that occur in them, and these often in the same page; so that, for the most part, they could not escape the dullest and bluntest degree of penetration: surely we cannot impute such repeated oversights to one who hath so explicitly asserted,[1] That to be liable to contradict yourself, is to be liable to one of the greatest of human imperfections! An author, in the first hurry of setting down his thoughts on a subject which warms him, may possibly, indeed, assert two opinions not perfectly reconcileable with each other; nay, there are some writers from whom we can reasonably expect no less; since, as archbishop Tillotson observes, it is hard to contradict truth and nature, without contradicting one's self. But to expunge such mistakes, is the office of revisal and correction; and, therefore, a work in which these mistakes abound, is very justly called an incorrect performance. As this work therefore doth, more than any which I ever saw, afford us instances of what his lordship calls the greatest

[1] "Essays," p. 181.

human imperfection, charity shews me no more candid way of accounting for them, than this which I have mentioned.

Lastly, the very form and title, under which the noble lord hath thought proper to introduce his philosophy into the world, is a very strong evidence of the justice of all the foregoing observations. We may form, I think, one general precept from the trite story of Archimedes: this is, not to undertake any great work without preconcerting such means as may be adequate to the execution. Now to turn the material world topsy-turvy, is a project scarce more difficult in appearance, than to perform the same notable exploit in the intellectual. And yet Archimedes might as judiciously have fixed his machine in vacuo, as his lordship hath chosen to argue against the best established systems in the intellectual world, in fragments of essays. This method, not to mention the indignity it offers to the subject in dispute, is treating the whole body of the learned with more supercilious disrespect, than nature seems yet to have qualified any member of that body to express towards the rest of his brethren; and which must appear to be

wonderful, if serious, in one who expresses so modest an opinion of his own critical talents; tho', as to his modesty, it must indeed be confessed to be somewhat seasoned with a due mixture of contempt.

But whatever may lessen the idea of his lordship's modesty, there is only one way to lessen that of his absurdity; this is to conclude that he was in jest: nay, there is one way to see this absurdity in an amiable light; for in such a light will he appear, if we suppose that he puts on the jack-pudding's coat, with the noble view of exposing and ridiculing those pernicious tenets which have lately been propagated, with a zeal more difficult to be accounted for, than its success.

That such an attempt of exposing any popular error would always prove victorious, is, I think, extremely probable. My lord Shaftesbury hath been blamed for saying, "That ridicule is one of those principal lights or natural mediums by which things are to be viewed, in order to a thorough recognition: for that truth, it is supposed, may bear all lights."[1] Perhaps there may be some justice in

[1] "Essay on the freedom of wit and humour," part i., sect. 1.

this censure, as truth may by such a trial be subjected to misrepresentation, and become a more easy prey to the malice of its enemies; a flagrant instance of which we have in the case of Socrates.

But whatever objection there may be against trying truth by ridicule, there can be none, I apprehend, of making use of its assistance in expelling and banishing all falsehood and imposture, when once fairly convicted, out of society; and as this method is for this purpose very unexceptionable, so is it generally the most efficacious that can be invented, as will appear by some examples which will occur in the course of our comment on his lordship's essays, or fragments of essays, on which we shall now enter without further preface or apology.

SECT. I.

AND here, as a proof that we are as liable to be corrupted by our books as by our companions, I am in danger of setting out with a contradiction. Nay I must yet venture to do this in some degree with my eyes open, and must lay my defence on a distinction rather too nice, and which relies too much on the candour of my reader.

The truth is, our noble author's chief strength lies in that very circumstance which I have before asserted to be of itself alone a sufficient argument of his weakness; whereas on the contrary his manner affords such a protection to his matter, that if he had designed to reserve to himself the sole privilege of answering his own doctrine, he could not have invented a more ingenious or effectual contrivance. It hath been alledged as a good reason for not answering certain books, that one must be obliged first to read them; but surely we shall find few men so very charitable, or so much our friends, to give them order and method with a

view only of complimenting them with an answer.

This, however, I attempted, tho' I own with no great success; and that not so much, I apprehend, from want of sufficient matter to make out such colourable systems as may be expected in such a writer, as from a certain dark, cautious, and loose manner of expressing his sentiments, which must arise either from a writer's desire of not being very easily explained, or from an incapacity of making himself very clearly understood. The difficulties arising to the commentator on these fragments, will appear to be assignable only to the former cause: for a very indifferent reader will be seldom at a loss in comprehending his lordship in his own works; but to transfer his doctrines with their authority (i.e. the *ipse dixit* of the author) into another work, is often very difficult, and without long quotations, too apt to tire the reader, impossible. In this light a very fine thought of Mr. Pope's occurs to my memory.

"Tho' index-learning turns no student pale,
It holds the eel of science by the tail."

The best way then of proceeding with so slippery a reasoner; the only way,

indeed, in which I see any possibility of proceeding with him, is first to lay down some general rules, all of which will hereafter be proved out of his writings, and then pursuing him chapter by chapter, to extract the several proofs, however scattered and dispersed, which tend to establish both parts of the contradictions, which I shall now set down.

Our noble author sets out in his first section, with a sly insinuation, that it is possible for the gravest of philosophers on the gravest of subjects, to advance propositions in jest. "It is more probable," says Lord B——, "and it is more candid to believe, that this philosopher (Descartes) was in earnest, than that he was in jest, when he advanced this proposition,"[1] *concerning the immutability and eternity of certain mathematical truths.* I will add, that I believe that an idea of such jesting had never any footing in a human head, till it first found admission into that of this noble lord.

In the same section, his lordship proceeds thus: "The antients thought matter eternal, and assumed that the Demiurgus, or divine Architect, composed the frame

[1] "Essays," page 4.

of the world with materials which were ready prepared, and independently on him, in a confused chaos. Much in the same manner such metaphysicians as the learned Cudworth have imagined a sort of intellectual chaos, a chaos of eternal ideas, of incorporeal essences, independent on God, self-existent, and therefore co-eval with the supreme Being, and therefore anterior to all other natures. In this intellectual chaos God sees, and man must endeavour to see, the natures, the real essences of things: and thus the foundations of morality are laid higher than the existence of any moral agents, before there was any system of being from which the obligations to it could result, or to which they could be applied: just as the same philosophers suppose the incorporeal essences of white and black to have existed when there was no such thing as colour, and those of a square and circle, when there was neither form nor figure." [1]

Here I am afraid the learned peer hath gone no farther for his erudition than the first or second pages of Ovid's Metamorphosis: for could he be recalled

[1] "Essays," page 6.

from the dead, contrary to his own doctrine, as he hath recalled Descartes, and were asked whom he meant by the antients, he could not certainly answer in general, the antient philosophers, for then the whole tribe of atheists would be ready to testify against him. If he should answer, that he meant the antient atheists only, and less he cannot be supposed to mean by those who are well-bred enough to suppose he meant any thing, he will be far from finding even among these an universal concurrence with his opinion. Thales, the chief of the Grecian sages, and who is said to have first turned his thoughts to physiological enquiries, affirmed the independent pre-existence of God from all eternity. The words of Laertius are remarkable, and I will render them with the most literal exactness in my power. He asserted, says Laertius, "That God was the oldest of all beings, for he existed *without a previous cause* EVEN IN THE WAY OF GENERATION; that the world was the most beautiful of all things; for *it was* CREATED BY God, &c."[1] This notion of the creation Aris-

[1] Diog. Laert., lib. i., sect. 35, where I submit

totle tells us, was agreeable to the concurrent voice of all antiquity; "All," says he, "assert the creation of the world; but they differ in this, that some will have the world susceptible of dissolution, which others deny."[1] On this occasion Aristotle names Empedocles and Heraclitus, but, which is somewhat remarkable, never mentions Thales. The opinion itself is opposed by the Stagyrite; and this opposition he was forced to maintain, or he must have given up the eternity of the world, which he very justly asserts to be inconsistent with any idea of its creation. But we will dismiss the antients from the bar, and see how his lordship will support his arraignment of the moderns. The charge against them is, that they have holden certain ideas, or incorporeal essences to be self-existent. Concerning these doctrines his lordship thus harangues in the very same page,[2] Mr. Locke observes, how

to the learned reader the construction he will observe I have given to the different import of those terms, ἀγέννητον and πόιημα; the first of which may be considered as a qualified, the latter as an absolute cause.

[1] Aristot., De cœlo, lib. i., cap. 10.

[2] "Essay," p. 6.

impossible "it is for us to conceive certain relations, habitudes, and connections, visibly included in some of our ideas, to be separable from them even by infinite power. Let us observe, on this occasion, how impossible, or, at least, how extremely difficult it is for us to separate the idea of eternity from certain moral and mathematical truths, as well as from such as are called necessary, and are self-evident on one hand: and, on the other, how impossible it is to conceive that truths should exist before the things to which they are relative; or particular natures and essences, before the system of universal nature, and when there was no being but the superessential Being."[1]

If I had any inclination to cavil, I might, with truth, assert that no such passage is to be found in Mr. Locke. His words are: "In some of our ideas there are certain relations, habitudes, and connections, so visibly included in the nature of the ideas themselves, that we cannot conceive them separable from them by any power whatsoever." It

[1] "Essay on Human Understanding," l. 4, cap. 3, sect. 29.

may be answered, perhaps, that the violence is done rather to the expression, than to the meaning of this truly great man; but if I should candidly admit that he seems, from the immediate context, to mean no less (I say, seems to mean: for, whoever will carefully compare what is said in another part of the same book,[1] of the powers of the mind in forming the archetypes of its complex ideas of mixed modes, may possibly think he sees sufficient reason for resolving what is here affirmed of arbitrary (not infinite) power, into the human mind only. I may yet reply, that such a violence even to the expression of such a writer on such a subject, is by no means void of blame, nor even of suspicion, when it is left without a reference to conceal itself in a large folio, where it will not be easily detected by any but those who are pretty familiarly acquainted with the original.

But it is time to close this article, which, I think, seems to establish contradiction the first: for under what other term shall we range the arguing *pro* and *con* in the same breath: for where is the

[1] Locke's "Essay," l. 2, cap. 31.

force of the accusation, or, as a lawyer would call it, the gist of the indictment against poor Cudworth? Is it not (to use my lord's own phrase) "the laying the foundations of morality higher than the existence of any moral agents?" And what says my lord to enforce the charge? Why, truly, he alleges in defence of the accused, that it was impossible for him to have done otherwise, and produces the authority of Mr. Locke to confirm this impossibility.

The generosity of this sudden transition from accuser to advocate would convince all men on which side his lordship had here delivered his real sentiments, was it not somewhat controlled by his having concealed from his readers, that the philosopher a little afterwards, in the same book [1] hath endeavoured to prove, and, I think, actually hath proved, that there is no absurdity in what my lord Bolingbroke objects, provided the doctrine be rightly understood, so as not to establish innate principles. That the actual existence of the subjects of mathematical or moral ideas is not in the least necessary to give us a sufficient evidence

[1] Lib. 4, cap. 9.

of the necessity of those ideas; and that, in the disputes of the mathematician as well as of the moralist, the existence of the subject matter is rarely called in question; nor is it more necessary to their demonstrations and conclusions, than it would be to prove the truth of Tully's Offices, to shew that there was some man who lived up to that idea of perfect goodness, of which Tully hath given us a pattern. There is somewhat very mysterious in all this; but we have not promised to explain contradictions farther than by shewing to which side his lordship's authority seems to incline. And surely it is better to decide in favour of possibility, and to lay the foundations of morality too high, than to give it no foundation at all.

Desunt cætera.

ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES.

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PAGE 4, l. 17. "*from the hands of the author.*" —This would appear to be scarcely accurate. See Editor's "Introduction," pp. vii-xii.

PAGE 4, l. 28. "*those innocents he hath left behind.*"—Besides Charlotte Cradock's daughter, the Eleanor Harriot referred to at p. 44, l. 12, Fielding left three children by his second wife, the youngest of whom, Allen, was born in April, 1754, not long before he removed to the "little house" at Ealing mentioned at p. 35, l. 20. The others were William, born in 1748, and Sophia, born in 1750.

PAGE 5, l. 7. "*in answer to Lord Bolingbroke.*"—The five 4to volumes of Bolingbroke's works, which provoked many assailants and apologists, were published by David Mallet in March, 1754 (see note to p. 34, l. 20). Fielding's "Comment" must have been begun in the last months of his life. He had made many notes for it from the Fathers, etc., which were preserved by his brother John.

PAGE 9, l. 7. "*doctor Zachary Grey.*"—Grey's "Hudibras" appeared in 1744, in two vols. 8vo, with "a new Set of Cuts" by J. Mynde, based on Hogarth's plates to the edition of 1726. The re-

dundancy of the notes is unquestioned; but the erudition is extraordinary. The book was in Fielding's library, though his name does not appear among the original subscribers.

PAGE 9, l. 12. "*the late doctor Mead.*"—Dr. Richard Mead died on the 16th of February, 1754. "Of his books," says the "Gentleman's Magazine" for November in that year (xxiv., p. 514), "there were ten thousand volumes, and among them whatever was curious, excellent, or scarce, besides a great number of *Greek*, *Latin*, and oriental manuscripts." They were sold in November and December, 1754, and in April and May, 1755. The catalogue was issued in August, 1754.

PAGE 11, l. 27. "*Burnet and Addison.*"—The books referred to are Gilbert Burnet's "Travels through Switzerland, Italy, etc.," 1687, and Addison's "Remarks on Several Parts of Italy, etc., in the years 1701-2-3," 1705. Both were in Fielding's library.

PAGE 16, l. 18. "*things and facts of so common a kind.*"—The famous "Five Days' Peregrination" of Hogarth and his friends in May, 1732, was described by its authors "as a burlesque on historical writers recording a series of insignificant events entirely uninteresting to the reader." Goldsmith's "Journey to Kentish Town," in the "Citizen of the World" (Letter CXVIII. [CXXII.]), has a like motive; and Fielding's own "Letter from a French Gentleman to his Friend at Paris," contributed to his sister's "Familiar Letters between the Principal Characters in David Simple," is also intended as a

humorous "Imitation of *Horace*, *Addison*, and all Writers of travelling Letters."

PAGE 18, l. 15. "*my lord Anson's*."—Anson's "Voyage round the World," compiled under his direction by R. Walter, M.A., Chaplain of the "Centurion," was published in May, 1748. "No Voyage," says the "Gentleman's Magazine" for that month, "was ever written with greater dignity of stile, or more regard to truth."

PAGE 19, l. 19. "*one passage in Horace*."—E.g., *Ridentem dicere verum, Quid vetat?*—HOR., Sat. i. 1. 24.

PAGE 20, l. 7. "*the conduct of authors*," *etc.*—This is a transparent allusion to the laudatory Preface which, under the character of the Editor, Richardson wrote for "Pamela."

PAGE 20, l. 20. "*the use of the pastry-cook to be the first*."—Probably Fielding had in mind "Spectator," No. 85: "I once met with a page of Mr. Baxter under a Christmas pie. Whether or no the pastry-cook had made use of it through chance or waggery, for the defence of that superstitious viand, I know not; but upon the perusal of it, I conceived so good an idea of the author's piety, that I bought the whole book."

PAGE 21, l. 10. "*the Rehearsal*."—*I.e.*, the play of that name by George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, 1672. See act ii., sc. 4, where the Gentleman-Usher and Physician effect a change of government by drawing their swords and occupying a couple of chairs.

PAGE 23, l. 2. "*the Duke of Portland's medicine*."—"This celebrated powder, which obtained its name in consequence of being recommended

by a duke of Portland, was long held as a specific in the cure of gout. It is composed of the roots of round birthwort and gentian, and of the tops and leaves of germander, ground pine and centaury, dried and reduced to powder. It appears that this preparation was recommended by Galen ('Gent. Mag.,' xxii., 579), that it was called by Tournefort, the Prince of Mirandola's powder, and that a decoction of one of the ingredients, the germander, was recommended by the Genoese physicians to the Emperor Charles V., as a cure for the gout. A similar preparation in the cure of the same disease is spoken of by Hoffman, from which it is obvious that it was no new discovery."—Watson's "Life of Henry Fielding, Esq.," 1807, p. 128 n.

PAGE 23, l. 6. "*Mr. Ranby.*"—Fielding had referred to Ranby in "Tom Jones," book viii., ch. 13, where the Man of the Hill speaks of a doctor "whose Name . . . began with an *R*," and who "was Sergeant-Surgeon to the King. He had moreover many good Qualities, and was a very generous, good-natured Man, and ready to do any Service to his Fellow-Creatures." In 1744 he published a "Narrative of the Last Illness of the Earl of Orford." He was well known to Hogarth, who left "A View of Mr. Ranby's House at Chiswick," which Mrs. Hogarth published in 1781; and there is an unconfirmed tradition that he served as the model for the hero of "A Rake's Progress" (Nichols's "Anecdotes," 1781, p. 68*).

PAGE 24, l. 2. "*Mr. Carrington.*"—Probably the person referred to by Walpole in his letter

to Lord Hertford of 15th Feb., 1764, giving an account of the debate on General Warrants: "Carrington, the messenger, was alone examined for seven hours. This old man, the cleverest of all ministerial terriers, was pleased with recounting his achievements, yet perfectly guarded and betraying nothing."

PAGE 24, l. 3. "*to attend his Grace.*"—After this, in the later version, comes—"the next morning, in Lincoln's-inn-fields, upon some business of importance; but I excused myself from complying with the message, as besides being lame, I was very ill with the great fatigues I had lately undergone, added to my distemper.

"His Grace, however, sent Mr. Carrington, the very next morning, with another summons; with which, tho' in the utmost distress, I immediately complied; but the Duke happening, unfortunately for me, to be then particularly engaged, after I had waited some time, sent a gentleman" etc.

PAGE 24, l. 4. "*Lincoln's-inn-fields.*"—Newcastle House, formerly Powis House, stands at the north-west angle leading into Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. It was built about 1686 by Lord Powis, and was purchased by the Duke's uncle, John Holles, Duke of Newcastle. From 1827 to 1879 it was occupied by the Christian Knowledge Society, now located at Northumberland Avenue.

PAGE 26, l. 24. "*I had the satisfaction,*" *etc.*—This is confirmed by a paragraph in the "Public Advertiser" for January 1st, 1754: "A Gentleman at Genoa writes, that the Letters

from Corsica are as full of Housebreakings, Robberies, and Murders, as a London News-Paper *before Mr. F.'s Plan was carried into Execution.*" (The italics are the editor's.)

PAGE 29, l. 4. "*my clerk.*"—From Howell's "State Trials," xix., 428, it appears that the clerk's name was Mr. Brogden.

PAGE 29, l. 20. "*my great patron.*"—No doubt John, Duke of Bedford, to whose "princely Benefactions" Fielding refers in the "Dedication" of "Tom Jones," and to whom he had been recommended by his friend and schoolfellow, George Lyttelton.

PAGE 30, l. 25. "*my brother.*"—This was John (afterwards Sir John) Fielding, who succeeded Henry Fielding as a Justice of the Peace for the City and Liberties of Westminster, and had been largely concerned in the "Universal-Register-Office," in which his brother held shares (see also note to p. 45, l. 13). He was the son of General Fielding by his second wife. Although blind, he was a vigorous and an energetic magistrate, a fact to which (as the author of "Barnaby Rudge" has not forgotten) the "No Popery" rioters of 1780 rendered emphatic testimony by burning down his Bow Street house. There are many references to him in the periodical and other literature of the day,—*e.g.*, in Churchill's "Ghost" and Goldsmith's "Rhymed Letter to Mrs. Bunbury." He wrote several professional works; and is usually credited in booksellers' catalogues with a "Description of London and Westminster," which he expressly disavowed in the "Public Advertiser" for 6th January, 1777.

He was knighted in 1761, and died at Brompton Place in September, 1780. There are two portraits of him by Nathaniel Hone, engraved by McArdell and J. R. Smith respectively, and there is a third by the Rev. M. W. Peters, R.A., engraved by W. Dickinson in November, 1778, in which he is represented in his robes as Chairman of the Quarter Sessions for the City of Westminster.

PAGE 31, l. 5. "*After this concession.*"—In the modern version the word is "confession."

PAGE 32, l. 8. "*the late excellent judge Burnet.*"—This was Sir Thomas Burnet, third and youngest son of the Bishop of Salisbury. After a youth much after the fashion of Fielding's own, he became an industrious lawyer, and in 1741 was made a Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. He published in 1724-34 his father's famous "History of His Own Time;" and, among other early political pamphlets, he is credited with the "History of Robert Powel the Puppet-Show-Man," 1715, a squib on Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford. He died in January, 1753.

PAGE 34, l. 10. "*Dr. Ward.*"—Dr. Joshua Ward, commonly known, from a blemish on his face, as "Spot" Ward. He figures in Hogarth's "Company of Undertakers," 1736, and is referred to in Pope's—

"Ward try'd on Puppies, and the Poor, his Drop."

Fielding also, in "Tom Jones," book viii., ch. 9, likens Interest to "*Ward's* Pill [which] flies at once to the particular Part of the Body on

which you desire to operate." He was a quack, but a quack of parts, and often very lucky in his cures. He died in December, 1761, leaving the secret of his medicines to Mr. Page, M.P. for Chichester, who bestowed them on two charitable institutions, which are said to have derived considerable pecuniary benefit from the gift.

PAGE 34, l. 20. "*Mr. Pelham.*"—The Right Honourable Henry Pelham died on the 6th of March, 1754, being the very day, Boswell notes, on which Mallet issued the works of Bolingbroke, or, as Garrick puts it in the Ode he published in the same month :—

> "The same sad morn to church and state
> (So for our sins 'twas fix'd by fate)
> A double stroke was giv'n;
> Black as the whirlwinds of the north,
> *St. J—n's* fell *genius* issu'd forth,
> And *Pelham's* fled to heav'n!"

It was to Pelham that Fielding dedicated his "Proposal for Making an Effectual Provision for the Poor," etc., 1753.

PAGE 35, l. 20. "*a little house of mine in the country.*"—This house, of which the name, Fordhook, is given at p. 41, l. 28, stood on the Uxbridge road nearly opposite the site now occupied by the Ealing Common Station of the Metropolitan District Railway. It has long since given place to, or been elaborated into, a larger building, which still retains the old name.

PAGE 37, l. 11. "*the virtues of tar-water.*"—Bishop Berkeley's "Chain of Philosophical Reflections and Inquiries concerning Tar-Water,"

to which, in the second edition, the additional title of "Siris" was prefixed, appeared in the spring of 1744. What Fielding would have called its physical part, consisted in the exaltation of the mild and benign qualities of tar-water, a beverage affirmed to be so "proportioned to the human constitution, as to warm without heating, and to cheer but not inebriate" (this latter property Cowper afterwards claimed for tea), and consequently to be a remedy for all the ills of the flesh. Unhappily it has not sustained this reputation, and now occupies a very modest place in the "Pharmacopœia." The metaphysical part of "Siris" went much farther, rising (in Warton's words) "from matter to spirit, from earth to Heaven."

PAGE 37, l. 14. "*the inimitable author of the Female Quixote.*"—In the modern version the words "and shamefully distress'd" follow "inimitable." The lady referred to was Mrs. Charlotte Lenox, or Lennox, whose novel, entitled at large "The Female Quixote; or, The Adventures of Arabella," had been published in 1752, and reviewed enthusiastically by Fielding in the "Covent Garden Journal" for March 24th in that year. It was to celebrate the publication of an earlier, and in part autobiographical effort, "The Life of Harriot Stuart," 1751, that Johnson organized the "all-night sitting" at the Ivy Lane Club, with its accompaniments of laurel and apple-pie, of which Hawkins gives so graphic an account ("Life," 2nd ed., 1787, pp. 285-7). Mrs. Lenox was the daughter of Colonel Ramsay, Lieutenant-Governor of New York, and

coming to England at fifteen, had been early thrown upon literature for a livelihood—a circumstance which probably explains the qualification "shamefully distress'd." But she found patrons and friends. Johnson, who thought very highly of her understanding, helped her frequently with Prefaces, etc. (he wrote the dedication of "The Female Quixote"); Richardson admitted her to his readings at Parsons Green; Goldsmith gave her an Epilogue for the play of "The Sister," which she based upon her tale of "Henrietta," 1758; and in 1761 Reynolds painted a portrait of her, afterwards engraved by Bartolozzi for Harding's "Shakespeare." Her husband, Mr. Lenox, was in the employ of Strahan the printer; and subsequently became a tide-waiter in the Customs. Mrs. Lenox died in 1804, aged eighty-four; and was buried by the Right Honourable George Rose, who had befriended her later years.

PAGE 37, l. 26. "*that tar-water might be useful in the dropsy.*"—In his private communications, if the "Public Advertiser" is to be credited, the Bishop went farther. On Sept. 9th, 1754, when Fielding was sinking at Lisbon, it published a case alleged to have been communicated by Berkeley to a Friend, "a little before his Death." It was of a dropsical soldier who had been cured by drinking two quarts of tar-water daily. The case ends: "The present is but one of several Instances, wherein the Dropsy hath been cured by Tar-Water, which I never knew to fail in any Species of that Malady."

PAGE 41, l. 6. "*Lisbon was presently fixed*

on."—It was a favourite resort of eighteenth-century invalids. Peterborough died on his way there in 1735; Doddridge was buried there in 1751; and in 1755, Lord Drumlanrig, the son of Prior's "Kitty," only escaped the Earthquake to succumb at home of the shock to his system caused by that calamity.

PAGE 44, l. 9. "*My wife.*"—This was Fielding's second wife, Mary Daniel, to whom he had been married at St. Bene't's, Paul's Wharf, on the 27th November, 1747. She had been his first wife's maid. She died at Canterbury on the 11th of March, 1802. A portrait of her by Francis Cotes, R.A., described by one who saw it as "a very fine drawing of a very ugly woman," was sold not long since at Christie's.

PAGE 44, l. 12. "*my eldest daughter.*"—Eleanor Harriot, his daughter by his first wife, Charlotte Cradock. According to Mr. Keightley, she survived her father, but not for long. See also p. 104, l. 29.

PAGE 45, l. 13. "*Mr. Welch.*"—Saunders Welch, Esq., the father-in-law of Nollekens the sculptor, and the friend of Johnson, of Fielding, and also of Hogarth, who painted a portrait of him which is copied at p. 155 of Samuel Ireland's "Graphic Illustrations," 1794. Welch was the author of an excellent paper on Hogarth's "March to Finchley," contributed to Christopher Smart's "Student," ii., 162. At this date he was High Constable of Holborn; and in March, 1754, had published a useful series of "Observations on the Office of a Constable." He became a Justice of the Peace for Middlesex,

Surrey, and Buckingham, and (like Fielding) for the City and Liberties of Westminster. He was also a co-proprietor in Sir John Fielding's "Universal-Register-Office." He died in October, 1784, preceding Johnson to the grave by a few weeks, and was buried in the cemetery of St. George's, Bloomsbury. There are many particulars concerning him in Smith's "Nollekens," 1828, i., 121, *et seq.*

PAGE 47, l. 27. "*This morning*" *etc.*—The later version reads: "This morning the captain, who lay on shore at his own house, paid us a visit in the cabin; and behaved like an angry bashaw, declaring, that had he known we were not to be pleased, he would not have carried us for 500*l.* He added many asseverations that he was a gentleman, and despised money; not forgetting several hints of the presents which had been made him for his cabin, of 20, 30, and 40 guineas, by several gentlemen, over and above the sum for which they had contracted. This behaviour greatly surprised me, as I knew not how to account for it, nothing having happened since we parted from the captain the evening before in perfect good humour; and all this broke forth on the first moment of his arrival this morning. He did not, however, suffer my amazement to have any long continuance, before he clearly shewed me that all this was meant only as an apology to introduce another procrastination (being the fifth) of his weighing anchor; which was now postponed till Saturday, for such was his will and pleasure.

"Besides the disagreeable situation" etc.

PAGE 48, l. 17. "*that print of his.*"—Hogarth's "Enraged Musician," published in November, 1741. Fielding had a genuine admiration for the great artist to whom we owe his portrait, and often mentions him sympathetically in his works. In "Tom Jones" he refers to "A Harlot's Progress" for the graphic presentments of "Mrs. Partridge" and "Parson Thwackum," and to the prude in "Morning (Four Times of the Day)" for that of "Miss Bridget Allworthy."

PAGE 51, l. 5. "*the young society of antiquarians.*"—The Society of Antiquaries of London received its Charter Nov. 2, 1751. It had existed informally long before.

PAGE 51, l. 18. "*the great encourager of art and science.*"—Perhaps this is a reference to Hogarth, who, when the print of the "March to Finchley" was disapproved by George II., dedicated it in a rage "To His Majesty the King of Prussia, an Encourager of Arts and Sciences."

PAGE 58, l. 6. "*The captain.*"—The later version reads "The particular tyrant."

PAGE 58, l. 9. "*He had been the captain of a privateer.*"—In the later version this passage runs: "He had been the captain of a privateer, which he chose to call being in the king's service, and thence derived a right of hoisting the military ornament of a cockade over the button of his hat. He likewise wore a sword of no ordinary length by his side, with which he swaggered in his cabin, among the wretches his passengers, whom he had stowed in cupboards

on each side. He was a person of a very singular character. He had taken it into his head that he was a gentleman, from those very reasons that proved he was not one; and to shew himself a fine gentleman, by a behaviour which seemed to insinuate he had never seen one. He was, moreover, a man of gallantry; at the age of seventy he had the finicalness of Sir Courtly Nice, with the roughness of Surly; and while he was deaf himself, had a voice capable of deafening all others."

PAGE 59, l. 7. "*Scrub in the play.*"—Scrub, a character which Goldsmith once expressed a wish to act, is the servant of Squire Sullen in Farquhar's "Beaux' Stratagem." In act iii., sc. 3, he thus describes his multifarious functions: "Of a Monday I drive the coach, of a Tuesday I drive the plough, on Wednesday I follow the hounds, a Thursday I dun the tenants, on Friday I go to market, on Saturday I draw warrants, and a Sunday I draw beer." Scrub's first exponent was Henry Norris, the "little Dickey" who gave rise to so much misconception in the controversy between Addison and Steele.

PAGE 59, l. 18. "*my friend Mr. Hunter.*"—This must have been William Hunter, for at this date John was not yet celebrated. In a letter to the former, written in December, 1778, by Sir John Fielding, he says of his brother, "He was your old and sincere friend," and he begs him to send "all his Pupils, all his Patients, all his Friends" to the "Author's Widow's night" of Fielding's posthumous play of "The

Fathers; or, the Good-Natur'd Man," which was produced at Drury Lane on the 30th November, and ran for nine nights.

PAGE 60, l. 14. "*to his word.*"—After this follows in the later version: "when he had no longer any temptation from interest to break it, as he had no longer any hopes of more goods or passengers."

PAGE 61, l. 4. "*his setting out.*"—The later version adds here: "though I had, very patiently, attended the delays of the captain four days, after many solemn promises of weighing anchor every one of the three last."

PAGE 61, l. 16. "*my man.*"—William, the footman, named at p. 135, l. 2.

PAGE 62, l. 11. "*the Royal Anne.*"—The "Royal Anne" was built in 1704, at Woolwich, by William Lee. She was 1,721 tons burden, carried 100 guns, and 780 men. But Fielding must have been mistaken in speaking of her as "the largest ship ever built," as the "Royal Sovereign," built three years earlier by the same William Lee, was 1,882 tons, and carried 110 guns and 850 men.

PAGE 64, l. 10. "*the brave young prince.*"—*I.e.*, the Duke of Cumberland. The battle between the Allies and the French at the village of Val, July 2, 1747, is perhaps better known as that of Lafeldt, or Lauffield. The Duke made a skilful retreat to Maestricht.

PAGE 70, l. 7. "*Sir Courtly Nice declares.*"—He says it to Leonora in act iv. of Crowne's play of 1685, which is christened after him: "Oh! there's nothing so charming as admirable

teeth. If a lady fastens upon my heart it must be with her teeth."

PAGE 72, l. 4. "*the Robin Hood society*."—This was a debating or oratorical club, held every Monday in Essex Street, Strand. It consisted chiefly, says the "Connoisseur" for March 28th, 1754, "of lawyers clerks, petty tradesmen, and the lowest mechanics." The president was a baker, and freethinking was the order of the day. In Nos. 8 and 9 of the "Covent Garden Journal," Fielding had already ridiculed the society, and he made special capital out of the president's calling. But the baker must have been a notable man in his way, for it is said that Burke spoke at the Robin Hood in his youth, not without profit to his powers of eloquence. Derrick of Bath took Goldsmith to one of the meetings. The poet was greatly awed by the president, whom he thought Nature had intended for a Lord Chancellor at least. "No," commented Derrick, facetiously, "only for a Master of the Rolls" (Forster's "Goldsmith," 1871, i., 288). In September, 1754, the Robin Hoodians published a "Vindication" of their proceedings, which was given away *gratis*.

PAGE 72, l. 10. "*a young lady of her sister*." —These were Margaret and Jane Collier, the daughters of Arthur Collier, the metaphysician. It was Margaret who accompanied Fielding to Lisbon, and she was one of the witnesses to the undated will which he executed at Ealing. She it was, too, who is supposed to have supplied Hogarth with the cut-paper silhouette from which it is alleged that he prepared the frontis-

piece to this volume (see note at back of bastard title). In 1755-7 she retired to Ryde, from which place she wrote several letters to Richardson which are printed in vol. ii. of his "Correspondence." In one of these she speaks of having been reported to be "the author of Mr. Fielding's last work, 'The Voyage to Lisbon,'" because "it was so very bad a performance, and fell so far short of his other works" (p. 77). The second sister, Jane (who was dead in Oct., 1755), was author of "The Art of Ingeniously Tormenting," 1753, and part-author, with Fielding's own sister Sarah, of the "dramatic Fable" in three volumes called "The Cry," published by Dodsley in March, 1754.

PAGE 72, l. 25. "*An inkhorn at his button-hole.*"—This was the badge of the exciseman or custom-house officer. The reader will recall the little vignette in Boswell of Johnson at Thrale's sale: "When the sale of Thrale's brewery was going forward, Johnson appeared bustling about, *with an ink-horn and pen in his button-hole, like an excise-man;* and on being asked what he really considered to be the value of the property which was to be disposed of, answered, 'We are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich, beyond the dreams of avarice'" (Birkbeck Hill's "Boswell," 1887, iv., 87).

PAGE 74, l. 14. "*the whimsical notion of Plato.*"—A long quotation from Plato, made on shipboard, is at first sight rather puzzling. But the edition from which it is derived was included among Fielding's library when sold, so that he

must have taken the book, or one of the volumes, with him to Portugal.

PAGE 79, l. 21. "*but unluckily for me.*"—In the later version this continues: "besides a total ignorance of everything in the world but a ship, he had the misfortune of being so deaf, that to make him hear, I will not say understand, my words," etc.

PAGE 80, l. 14. "*what I thought.*"—These words are not in the later version.

PAGE 85, l. 25. "*a great lady's name.*"—In the later version follows: "the wife of the first lord commissioner of the admiralty." The First Lord in 1754 was George, Lord Anson, who had been married in 1748 to Lady Elizabeth Yorke, daughter of the Lord High Chancellor, Philip Yorke, Lord Hardwicke. To Lord Hardwicke Fielding had dedicated the "Enquiry into the Causes of the late Increase of Robbers," etc., 1752; and he pays him a splendid compliment in bk. iv., ch. 6, of "Tom Jones."

PAGE 87, ll. 5 and 8. "*of opinion*" and "*hopes.*"—These in the later version are "sure" and "assurance."

PAGE 89, l. 23. "*Mr. Addison's observation.*"—At the close of No. 117 of "The Tatler," *à propos* of the lines in act iv., sc. 6, of "King Lear." Addison's annotator, the "word-picker" Bishop Hurd, is of opinion that Addison's observation is "a quibble, not much to the credit of the writer,"—a position which he proceeds to justify with all his most arid pedantry.

PAGE 90, l. 28. "*The captain.*"—The later version reads "swaggered," and instead of "being

unwilling to come to anchor;" and the lines after "island" (p. 91, l. 7) to the end of the paragraph are omitted.

PAGE 91, l. 21. "*the utmost concern.*"—The later version adds, "and many bitter oaths."

PAGE 92, l. 27. "*in which innocent amusement.*"—For "they passed their leisure hours," the later version substitutes "they had passed about two-thirds of their time."

PAGE 93, l. 17. "*Ryde.*"—Ryde, now a flourishing town of 10,000 inhabitants, was at this date no more than what Fielding styles it at p. 103, l. 2, viz., "a village." He adds further (p. 141, l. 25), that the parish did "not seem to contain above thirty houses." It was not until the close of the century that the advantages of Ryde as a watering-place began to attract attention, and even then its growth was gradual.

PAGE 96, l. 4. "*Ryde was inaccessible.*"—This state of things continued practically until the erection in 1814 of the first part of the pier. In Marryat's "Poor Jack," one of the speakers says: "At that time there was no wooden pier at Ryde as there is now, and when the tide was out, there was such a long flat of mud that there was no landing; so the way it was managed was, the wherries came in as far as they could, and were met by a horse and cart, which took out the passengers, and carried them through the mud and water to the hard ground."

PAGE 97, l. 1. "*a bubble.*"—*I.e.*, a dupe. "The players in general were disgusted with the obsolete style of the play [Ralph's 'Astrologer'], and the almost forgotten scheme of hunting for

the philosopher's stone in order to cheat *bubbles* of their money" (Davies' "Life of Garrick," 1780, i., 225)

PAGE 99, l. 6. "*Mrs. Humphrys.*"—In the later version: "Mrs. Francis (for that was the name of the good woman of the house);" and "Mrs. Francis" throughout that version she continues to be styled.

PAGE 103, l. 20. "*White's.*"—This was the old chocolate-house of Addison and Steele. At this date it had been turned into a club, one of the earliest rules of which was that every member should pay a guinea per annum "towards having a good Cook." Walpole, writing to Sir Horace Mann in June, 1751, describes a "late extravagant dinner at White's" as dividing the talk of the town with the two Miss Gunnings. "The bill of fare (he says) is got into print, and with good people has produced the apprehension of another earthquake."

PAGE 107, l. 12. "*wind.*"—In the eighteenth century the letter "e" was often written like a "d." Hogarth so wrote it, as may be seen by the facsimile of his well-known "Eta Beta PY" invitation to Dr. King. This justifies Fielding's somewhat laboured jesting upon this theme, which, nevertheless, was not his first offence. Already in the "Letter from a French Gentleman," etc., referred to in the note to p. 16, l. 18, he had said, "There is a Liquor sold in this Country which they call Wine, (most of the Inhabitants indeed call it *Wind.*)"

PAGE 111, l. 20. "*The famous Cornaro.*"—The "noble Venetian" (or rather Paduan), Lewis

Cornaro, who wrote, at eighty-three, a volume on temperance, which was translated in 1742 by T. Smith under the title of "A Treatise of the Benefits of a Sober Life." Cornaro was commended by Addison in No. 195 of the "Spectator."

PAGE 112, l. 2. "*Cheney, Arbuthnot.*"—Dr. George Cheyne (d. 1742) wrote an "Essay on Health and Long Life," 1724; Dr. John Arbuthnot (the friend of Pope and Swift) published in 1731 "An Essay concerning the Nature of Aliments," etc.

PAGE 112, l. 5. "*the learned Dr. James's dictionary.*"—This was Dr. Robert James of the "Fever Powder" in which Gray and Goldsmith and Walpole had so much faith. His "Medicinal Dictionary," here referred to, was published 1743-5 in 3 vols. *folio.* It was his best-known work. Johnson, whose schoolfellow he had been at Lichfield, wrote some of the articles, and supplied the Dedication to Dr. Mead, which (as Boswell says) "is conceived with great address, to conciliate the patronage of that very eminent man."

PAGE 112, l. 8. "*kingdom.*"—After this, in the later version, follows: "and the college themselves were not long since very liberally entertained with it, by the present attorney and other eminent lawyers, in Lincoln's-inn hall, and were all made horribly sick by it."

PAGE 113, l. 20. "*none.*"—The later version reads "one."

PAGE 115, l. 1. "*Quin the player.*"—Quin said this of Charles Macklin's "Shylock." There was

no love lost between the pair, a circumstance which prompted the following epigram, ascribed to William Hogarth :—

> "Your servant, Sir, says surly *Quin;*
> 'Sir, I am yours, replies *Macklin.*'
> "Why, you're the very *Jew* you play;
> "Your face performs the task well."
> 'And you are *Sir John Brute*, they say,
> 'And an accomplish'd *Maskwell.*'
> Says *Rich*, who heard the sneering elves,
> And knew their horrid hearts,
> "Acting too much your very selves,
> "You overdo your parts."
>
> *Biographical Anecdotes of William Hogarth, etc.*, 1781, p. 47.

PAGE 115, l. 21. "*Mr. Derham observes.*"—The Rev. William Derham, D.D., Prebendary of Windsor and Rector of Upminster in Essex. He was a philosopher and observer of the White of Selborne type (he is often mentioned in White's book); and he contributed, *inter alia*, a paper of "Observations about Wasps," etc., to No. 382 of the "Philosophical Transactions" for March and April, 1724 (vol. xxxiii., p. 53). But Fielding was probably thinking of the long note on "the *sting* of a *wasp*, or *bee*," which occurs in bk. iv., ch. 14, of Derham's once-famous "Physico-Theology," 1713.

PAGE 117, l. 24. "*with the censure.*"—The later version reads, "with the tacit censure."

PAGE 119, l. 19. "*for the same thing.*"—In the later version follows: "as he doth to the government, for the light which enters through his own window into his own house, from his own estate;

such are," etc., an obvious, if injudicious, reference to the window tax.

PAGE 120, l. 2. "*Lucian.*"—Lucian was one of Fielding's favourite authors. Besides referring to him in "Tom Thumb," the "Champion," and elsewhere, he specially invokes him at the beginning of Book xiii. of "Tom Jones"; and in connection with the advertisement of a translation of Lucian's works by himself and the Rev. W. Young ("Parson Adams"), which appeared in the "Covent Garden Journal," he implies that he had followed him as a model. "No Man," he says, "seems so likely to translate an Author well, as he who hath formed his Stile upon that very Author" (No. 52).

PAGE 128, l. 12. "*Sir William Petty in his Political Arithmetic.*"—Petty wrote more than one tract on this subject. But that here referred to by Fielding is the "Political Arithmetick" published in 1691 by the author's eldest son, Lord Shelburne, who says, in his Dedication to the King, that it would have seen the light earlier had not its doctrines offended France. The last chapter is headed "*That the King of England's Subjects have Stock competent and convenient to drive the Trade of the whole commercial World.*" Fielding had this edition in his library.

PAGE 130, l. 4. "*with some officers.*"—The later version adds after "some" the qualification "inferior."

PAGE 131, l. 16. "*understand*" in the later version is "understood."

PAGE 132, l. 17. "*The captain.*"—After "cap-

tain," in the later version comes, "who had remained on shore all night."

PAGE 139, l. 18. "*the late Sir Robert Walpole.*"—Fielding's treatment of "one of the best of men and of ministers" had been inconsistent, to say the least. He had dedicated the "Modern Husband" to him in 1732. But in the "Historical Register for the Year 1736" he had satirized him as "Quidam." Here he returns to his first, and probably more genuine, attitude of admiration.

PAGE 145, l. 4. "*his uncle.*"—After this in the later version, the rest of the paragraph is replaced by the following: "He was what is called by some a very pretty fellow; indeed much too pretty a fellow at his years; for he was turned of thirty-four, though his address and conversation would have become him more before he had reached twenty. In his conversation, it is true, there was something military enough, as it consisted chiefly of oaths, and of the great actions and wise sayings of Jack, and Will, and Tom of our regiment, a phrase eternally in his mouth; and he seemed to conclude that it conveyed to all the officers such a degree of public notoriety and importance, that it intitled him, like the head of a profession, or a first minister, to be the subject of conversation among those who had not the least personal acquaintance with him. This did not much surprise me, as I had seen several examples of the same; but the defects in his address, especially to the women, were so great, that they seemed absolutely inconsistent with the behaviour of a pretty

fellow, much less of one in a red coat; and yet, besides having been eleven years in the army, he had had, as his uncle informed me, an education in France. This, I own, would have appeared to have been absolutely thrown away, had not his animal spirits, which were likewise thrown away upon him in great abundance, borne the visible stamp of the growth of that country. The character, to which he had an indisputable title, was that of a merry fellow; so very merry was he, that he laughed at everything he said, and always before he spoke. Possibly, indeed, he often laughed at what he did not utter, for every speech begun with a laugh, tho' it did not always end with a jest. There was no great analogy between the characters of the uncle and the nephew, and yet they seem'd intirely to agree in enjoying the honour which the red-coat did to his family. This the uncle expressed with great pleasure in his countenance, and seemed desirous of shewing all present the honour which he had for his nephew, who, on his side, was at some pains to convince us of his concurring in this opinion, and, at the same time, of displaying the contempt he had for the parts, as well as the occupation of his uncle, which he seemed to think reflected some disgrace on himself, who was a member of that profession which makes every man a gentleman. Not that I would be understood to insinuate, that the nephew endeavoured to shake off or disown his uncle, or indeed, to keep him at any distance. On the contrary, he treated him with the utmost familiarity, often calling him

Dick, and dear Dick, and old Dick, and frequently beginning an oration with D—n me, Dick.

"All this condescension on the part of the young man, was received with suitable marks of complaisance and obligation by the old one; especially, when it was attended with evidences of the same familiarity with general officers, and other persons of rank; one of whom, in particular, I know to have the pride and insolence of the devil himself, and who, without some strong bias of interest, is no more liable to converse familiarly with a lieutenant, than of being mistaken in his judgment of a fool; which was not, perhaps, so certainly the case of the worthy lieutenant, who, in declaring to us the qualifications which recommended men to his countenance and conversation, as well as what effectually set a bar to all hopes of that honour, exclaimed, 'No, Sir, by the D——, I hate all fools—no, d—n me, excuse me for that. That's a little too much, old Dick. There are two or three officers of our regiment, whom I know to be fools; but d—n me if I am ever seen in their company. If a man hath a fool of a relation, Dick, you know he can't help that, old boy.'

"Such jokes as these the old man not only took in good part, but glibly gulped down the whole narrative of his nephew; nor did he, I am convinced, in the least doubt of our as readily swallowing the same. This made him so charmed with the lieutenant, that it is probable we should have been pestered with him the whole evening,

had not the north-wind, dearer to our sea-captain, even than this glory of his family, sprung suddenly up, and called aloud to him to weigh his anchor.

"While this ceremony was performing, the sea-captain ordered out his boat to row the land-captain to shore; not indeed on an uninhabited island, but one which, in this part, looked but little better, not presenting us the view of a single house. Indeed, our old friend, when his boat returned on shore, perhaps being no longer able to stifle his envy of the superiority of his nephew, told us, with a smile, that the young man had a good five mile to walk, before he could be accommodated with a passage to Portsmouth."

PAGE 145, l. 24. "*a brother of mine.*"—This was probably Edmund Fielding, a son of General Fielding by his first wife, and (according to Arthur Murphy) "an officer in the marine service." Lawrence ("Life of Fielding," 1855, p. 3) adds that he "died young."

PAGE 146, l. 25. "*for I must.*"—From this down to "occasions" is omitted in the later version.

PAGE 147, l. 13. "*declared.*"—"Swore" in the later version.

PAGE 148, l. 6. "*and the captain was busy on deck.*"—After this, in the later version, comes: "for he began to grow uneasy, chiefly, I believe, because he did not well know where he was, and would, I am convinced, have been very glad to have been in Portland-road, eating some sheep's-head broth."

PAGE 148, l. 17. "*one Morrison.*"—The later version adds, "a carpenter, the only fellow that had either common sense or common civility in the ship. Of Morrison he enquired," etc.

PAGE 148, l. 22. "*with which they were made.*"—After this, in the later version, comes: "sufficiently testified the state of the captain's mind; he endeavoured to conceal it, and would," etc.

PAGE 149, l. 6. "*of any man.*"—The later version adds: "I know, to whom they could possibly be so trusted."

PAGE 149, l. 10. "*thou art now enjoying.*"—The later version adds here: "and that I should not live to draw out on paper, that military character which thou didst peruse in the journal of yesterday."

PAGE 149, l. 19. "*the captain.*"—In the later version the rest of the paragraph is varied in arrangement.

PAGE 149, l. 21. "*his night-gown.*"—*I.e.*, his dressing-gown. "A character of this kind generally receives company in his study, in all the pensive formality of slippers, *night-gown*, and easy chair" ("Citizen of the World," Letter CI. [CIV.]).

PAGE 149, l. 24. "*for a maid.*"—This must have been a common engagement, as Tom Neverout employs it to the brilliant Miss Notable in Swift's "Polite Conversation," 1738, p. 97.

PAGE 153, l. 4. "*as hath been before noticed.*"—The later version substitutes, "so he phrased it."

PAGE 157, l. 3. "*Dr. South.*"—The passage referred to is as follows: "How short of this [*i.e.*, the pleasures of religious contemplation or the 'speculation of divine things'] are the Delights of the *Epicure?* How vastly disproportionate are the Pleasures of the *eating* and the *thinking* Man? Indeed, as different as the Silence of an Archimedes in the Study of a *Problem* and the Stillness of a Sow at her Wash."—Sermon on "The Ways of Wisdom are Ways of Pleasantness" (*Proverbs* iii. 17), preached before the Court at Christ Church Chapel.

PAGE 157, l. 15. "*Mark Anthony in Dryden.*"—"As if increase of appetite had grown By what it fed on," is, of course, from "Hamlet" (act i., sc. 2). But Fielding was probably thinking of Antony's splendid passage in Dryden's "All for Love" (act iii., sc. 1) beginning:—

> "There's no satiety of love in thee;
> Enjoyed, thou still art new," etc.

PAGE 166, l. 15. "*Axylus.*"—Axylus is one of those personages who—as Addison says in the 26th "Spectator"—are "celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head." He is mentioned by Homer but once ("Iliad," bk. vi.), when he is killed by Diomed; and his "character," in Pope's rendering, is as follows:—

> "Next Teuthras' son distain'd the sands with blood,
> Axylus, hospitable, rich, and good:
> In fair Arisbe's walls (his native place)
> He held his seat! a friend to human race.
> Fast by the road, his ever-open door
> Obliged the wealthy, and relieved the poor."

PAGE 166, l. 23. "*captain.*"—The later version substitutes "bashaw."

PAGE 167, l. 16. "*ears.*"—"Deaf ears" in the later version.

PAGE 167, l. 23. "*duller than Cibber.*"—Fielding's antipathy to Colley Cibber was inveterate, but obscure in its origin. Probably it is to be referred to some early misunderstanding in the days of their respective relations as author and manager. But to the last, as this passage testifies, Fielding lost no opportunity of ridiculing the actor, who in his famous "Apology" describes his assailant as "a broken Wit," but does not mention him by name, upon the ground that it could do him no good.

PAGE 169, l. 3. "*Mr. Quin, whose distinguishing tooth.*"—James Quin was a confirmed and impenitent *bon vivant.* Once, it is recorded, he was dining with the Duchess of Marlborough, who openly avowed her distaste for venison fat. After incredulously assuring himself that she was really in earnest, Quin's delighted *gourmandise* found vent in an uncontrollable—"I like to dine with such Fools!"

PAGE 169, l. 17. "*Macklin the high priest.*"—This is a reference to Macklin's famous 3*s.* ordinary, opened in March, 1754, in the Grand Piazza, Covent Garden, "next door to the playhouse," an experiment to provide good fare at a cheap rate which in the following year landed its projector in the Gazette.

PAGE 170, l. 11. "*Ends,*" *etc.*—Corrected in the later version to "Means are always in our power; ends are very seldom so."

PAGE 173, l. 16. "*the Westminster market.*"—An Act (22 Geo. II., c. 49), provided for this, and "for preventing the forestalling and monopolizing of Fish," as far back as June, 1749. But although it had a legal, it never had any actual, existence; and in 1790 the trustees were relieved of their trust, and the funds transferred to the Marine Society (Fryer's "Relations of the State with Fishermen and Fisheries," etc., 1884, pp. 27, 28).

PAGE 175, l. 10. "*in the cabin.*"—For the remainder of this paragraph, and the next, is substituted, in the later version, the following: "when the captain's valet de chambre, head cook, house and ship steward, footman in livery and out on't, secretary and fore-mast-man, all burst into the cabin at once, being indeed all but one person, and without saying, by your leave, began to pack half a hogshead of small beer in bottles, the necessary consequence of which must have been, either a total stop to conversation at that chearful season, when it is most agreeable, or the admitting that polyonymous officer aforesaid to the participation of it. I desired him, therefore, to delay his purpose a little longer, but he refused to grant my request; nor was he prevailed on to quit the room till he was threatened with having one bottle to pack more than his number, which then happened to stand empty within my reach.

"With these menaces he retired at last, but not without muttering some menaces on his side, and which, to our great terror, he failed not to put into immediate execution.

"Our captain was gone to dinner this day with his Swiss brother; and tho' he was a very sober man, was a little elevated with some champaign, which, as it cost the Swiss little or nothing, he dispensed at his table more liberally than our hospitable English noblemen put about those bottles, which the ingenious Peter Taylor teaches a led captain to avoid by distinguishing by the name of that generous liquor, which all humble companions are taught to postpone to the flavour of methuen or honest port.

"While our two captains were thus regaling themselves, and celebrating their own heroic exploits, with all the inspiration which the liquor, at least, of wit could afford them, the polyonymous officer arrived, and being saluted by the name of honest Tom, was ordered to sit down and take his glass before he delivered his message; for every sailor is by turns his captain's mate over a can, except only that captain bashaw who presides in a man of war, and who upon earth has no other mate, unless it be another of the same bashaws.

"Tom had no sooner swallowed his draught, than he hastily began his narrative, and faithfully related what had happened on board our ship; we say faithfully, tho' from what happened it may be suspected that Tom chose to add, perhaps, only five or six immaterial circumstances, as is always, I believe, the case, and may possibly have been done by me in relating this very story, tho' it happened not many hours ago.

"No sooner was the captain informed of the

interruption which had been given to his officer, and indeed to his orders, for he thought no time so convenient as that of his absence for causing any confusion in the cabin, than he leapt with such haste from his chair, that he had like to have broke his sword, with which he always begirt himself when he walked out of his ship, and sometimes when he walked about in it, at the same time grasping eagerly that other implement called a cockade, which modern soldiers wear on their helmets, with the same view as the antients did their crests, to terrify the enemy; he muttered something, but so inarticulately, that the word *damn* was only intelligible; he then hastily took leave of the Swiss captain, who was too well bred to press his stay on such an occasion, and leapt first from the ship to his boat, and then from his boat to his own ship, with as much fierceness in his looks as he had ever express'd on boarding his defenceless prey, in the honourable calling of a privateer.

"Having regained the middle deck he paused a moment, while Tom and others loaded themselves with bottles, and then descending into the cabin exclaimed with a thundering voice, D—n me, why arn't the bottles stoed in, according to my orders?

"I answered him very mildly, that I had prevented his man from doing it, as it was at an inconvenient time to me, and as in his absence, at least, I esteemed the cabin to be my own. 'Your cabin,' repeated he many times, 'no, d— me, 'tis my cabin. Your cabin! D— me! I have brought my hogs to a fair market. I

suppose, indeed, you think it your cabin, and your ship, by your commanding in it; but I will command in it, d—n me! I will shew the world I am the commander, and no body but I! Did you think I sold you the command of my ship for that pitiful thirty pounds? I wish I had not seen you nor your thirty pounds aboard of her.' He then repeated the words thirty pounds often, with great disdain and with a contempt which, I own, the sum did not seem to deserve in my eye, either in itself, or on the present occasion; being, indeed, paid for the freight of —— weight of human flesh, which is above 50 per cent. dearer than the freight of any other luggage, whilst in reality it takes up less room, in fact, no room at all.

"In truth the sum was paid for nothing more, than for a liberty to six persons, (two of them servants) to stay on board a ship while she sails from one port to another, every shilling of which comes clear into the captain's pocket. Ignorant people may perhaps imagine, especially when they are told that the captain is obliged to sustain them, that their diet, at least, is worth something; which may probably be now and then so far the case, as to deduct a tenth part from the neat profits on this account; but it was otherwise at present: for when I had contracted with the captain at a price which I by no means thought moderate, I had some content in thinking I should have no more to pay for my voyage; but I was whispered that it was expected that passengers should find themselves in several things; such as tea, wine, and such-like; and

particularly that gentlemen should stowe of the latter a much larger quantity than they could use, in order to leave the remainder as a present to the captain, at the end of the voyage; and it was expected, likewise, that gentlemen should put aboard some fresh stores, and the more of such things were put aboard, the welcomer they would be to the captain.

"I was prevailed with by these hints, to follow the advice proposed, and accordingly, besides tea, and a large hamper of wine, with several hams and tongues, I caused a number of live chickens and sheep to be conveyed aboard; in truth, treble the quantity of provision which would have supported the persons I took with me, had the voyage continued three weeks, as it was supposed, with a bare possibility, it might.

"Indeed it continued much longer; but, as this was occasioned by our being windbound in our own ports, it was by no means of any ill consequence to the captain, as the additional stores of fish, fresh meat, butter, bread, &c. which I constantly laid in greatly exceeded the consumption, and went some way in maintaining the ship's crew. It is true, I was not obliged to do this; but it seemed to be expected; for the captain did not think himself obliged to do it; and, I can truly say, I soon ceased to expect it of him. He had, I confess, on board, a number of fowls and ducks sufficient for a West-India voyage: all of them, as he often said, 'Very fine birds, and of the largest breed.' This, I believe, was really the fact, and, I can add, that

they were all arrived at the full perfection of their size. Nor was there, I am convinced, any want of provisions of a more substantial kind; such as dried beef, pork, and fish; so that the captain seemed ready to perform his contract, and amply to provide for his passengers. What I did then was not from necessity, but, perhaps, from a less excusable motive, and was, by no means, chargeable to the account of the captain.

"But let the motive have been what it would, the consequence was still the same, and this was such, that I am firmly persuaded the whole pitiful 30*l.* came pure and neat into the captain's pocket, and not only so, but attended with the value of 10*l.* more in sundries, into the bargain. I must confess my self therefore at a loss how the epithet *pitiful* came to be annexed to the above sum: for not being a pitiful price for what it was given, I cannot conceive it to be pitiful in itself; nor do I believe it is so thought by the greatest men in the kingdom; none of whom would scruple to search for it in the dirtiest kennel, where they had only a reasonable hope of success.

"How, therefore, such a sum should acquire the idea of pitiful, in the eyes of a master of a ship, seems not easy to be accounted for; since it appears more likely to produce in him ideas of a different kind. Some men, perhaps, are no more sincere in the contempt for it which they express, than others in their contempt of money in general; and I am the rather inclined to this persuasion, as I have seldom heard of

either, who have refused or refunded this their despised object. Besides, it is sometimes impossible to believe these professions, as every action of the man's life is a contradiction to it. Who can believe a tradesman, who says he would not tell his name for the profit he gets by the selling such a parcel of goods, when he hath told a thousand lies in order to get it?

"Pitiful, indeed, is often applied to an object, not absolutely, but comparatively with our expectations, or with a greater object: In which sense it is not easy to set any bounds to the use of the word. Thus, a handful of halfpence daily appear pitiful to a porter, and a handful of silver to a drawer. The latter, I am convinc'd, at a polite tavern, will not tell his name (for he will not give you any answer) under the price of gold. And, in this sense, 30*l.* may be accounted pitiful by the lowest mechanic.

"One difficulty only seems to occur, and that is this: How comes it that, if the profits of the meanest arts are so considerable, the possessors of them are not richer than we generally see them? One answer to this shall suffice. Men do not become rich by what they get, but by what they keep. He who is worth no more than his annual wages or salary, spends the whole; he will be always a beggar, let his income be what it will; and so will be his family when he dies. This we see daily to be the case of ecclesiastics, who, during their lives, are extremely well provided for, only because they desire to maintain the honour of the cloth by living like

gentlemen, which would, perhaps, be better maintained by living unlike them.

"But, to return from so long a digression, to which the use of so improper an epithet gave occasion, and to which the novelty of the subject allured, I will make the reader amends by concisely telling him, that the captain poured forth such a torrent of abuse, that I very hastily, and very foolishly, resolved to quit the ship. I gave immediate orders to summons a hoy to carry me that evening to Dartmouth, without considering any consequence. Those orders I gave in no very low voice; so that those above stairs might possibly conceive there was more than one master in the cabin. In the same tone I likewise threatened the captain with that which, he afterwards said, he feared more than any rock or quick sand. Nor can we wonder at this, when we are told he had been twice obliged to bring to, and cast anchor there before, and had neither time escaped without the loss of almost his whole cargo.

"The most distant sound of law thus frightened a man, who had often, I am convinced, heard numbers of cannon roar round him with intrepidity. Nor did he sooner see the hoy approaching the vessel, than he ran down again into the cabin, and, his rage being perfectly subsided, he tumbled on his knees, and a little too abjectly implored for mercy.

"I did not suffer a brave man and an old man, to remain a moment in this posture; but I immediately forgave him.

"And here, that I may not be thought the sly

trumpeter of my own praises, I do utterly disclaim all praise on the occasion. Neither did the greatness of my mind dictate, nor the force of my Christianity exact this forgiveness. To speak truth, I forgave him from a motive which would make men much more forgiving, if they were much wiser than they are ; because it was convenient for me so to do."

PAGE 177, l. 19. "*the cabin.*"—After this, in the later version, comes a full stop, and the sentence: "I will not endeavour to describe his lamentations with more prolixity than barely by saying, they were grievous, and seemed to have some mixture of the Irish howl in them."

PAGE 180, l. 8. "*in the days of Sir Matthew Hale.*"—It is the one blot in the career of this able and otherwise blameless Lord Chief Justice, that in 1665, at the Bury St. Edmund's assizes, he condemned two women for witchcraft, in which, during the trial, he declared himself to be a believer. The poor creatures were executed.

PAGE 183, l. 11. "*and acquaintance.*"—After this, in the later version, comes: "though this foundation of intimacy seemed to her to be no deeper laid than in an accidental dinner, eaten many years before, at this temple of hospitality, when the captain lay wind-bound in the same bay."

PAGE 193, l. 14. "*my teeth not being good.*"—This is evident from Hogarth's portrait (see frontispiece), which represents Fielding at the age of forty-eight, or in the year of his death.

PAGE 195, l. 8. "*Not a single cloud.*"—A

writer in the "Quarterly Review" for December, 1855, says of this passage: "His [Fielding's] versatile emotions answered to every call of pleasure, animal or mental, and wherever he was, he sunned himself in the ray which was shining at the hour, and, fixing all his attention upon the genial influence, enjoyed it in spite of the surrounding shadows."

PAGE 197, l. 23. "*a snow.*"—Snows, like the "pinks" and "galleys" so common in the eighteenth-century "Ship News," were formerly much in use. They had two masts, and differed from brigs only in having their fore-and-aft main-sail fitted to a try-sail mast.

PAGE 197, l. 26. "*with an audible voice.*"—The later version has: "and with but one mistake, of a lion for Elias, in the second lesson for this day."

PAGE 199, l. 19. "*in a hurry.*"—In the later version follows: "as he was to lose nothing by his delay. *Tuesday.* This is," etc.

PAGE 205, l. 5. "*the night.*"—Corrected to "the evening" in the later version.

PAGE 208, l. 22. "*hic finis chartæq; viæq;*"—Fielding started from Fordhook on Wednesday, June 26th, 1754; he landed at Lisbon on Wednesday, August 14th, being exactly fifty days, both inclusive. He had anticipated that the voyage would occupy three weeks at the most (see p. 271, l. 16). From the notices in contemporary newspapers, the mails from Falmouth to Lisbon, under favourable conditions, took from seven to eight days. Of Fielding's life in Portugal we have no particulars, except

that he there wrote the "Preface" (see p. 15 n.), and perhaps the "Introduction," to his "Journal." He died on the 8th of October, and was buried in the English Cemetery.

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ERRATUM.

Page 245, line 29, *for* "Ivy Lane Club" *read* "Devil Tavern."

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